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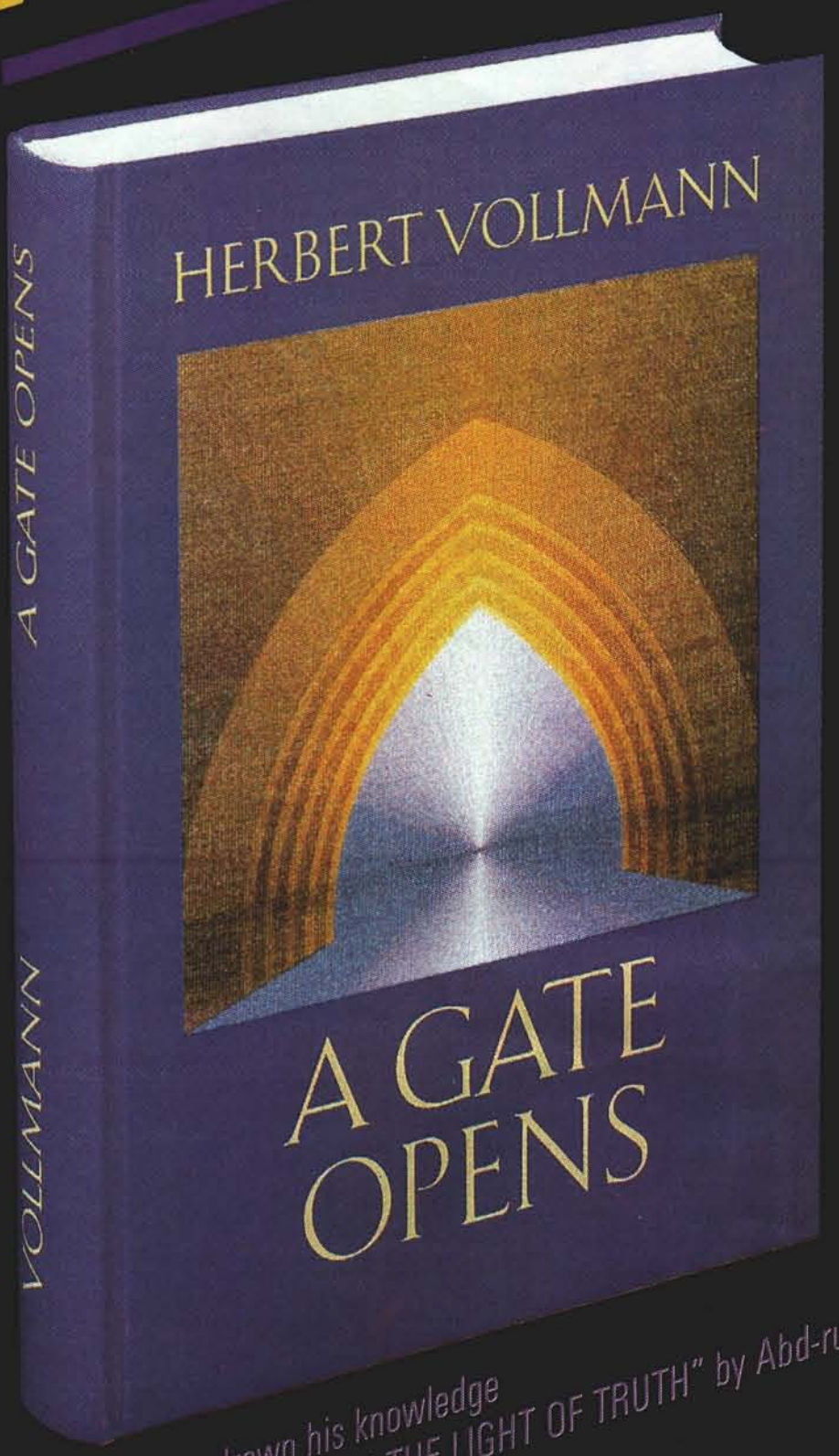

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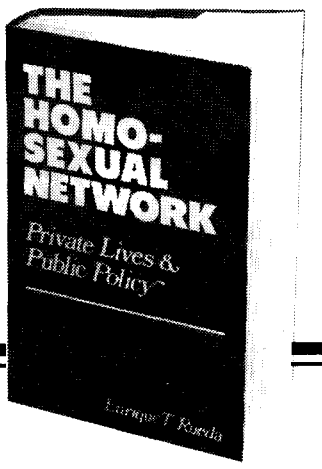

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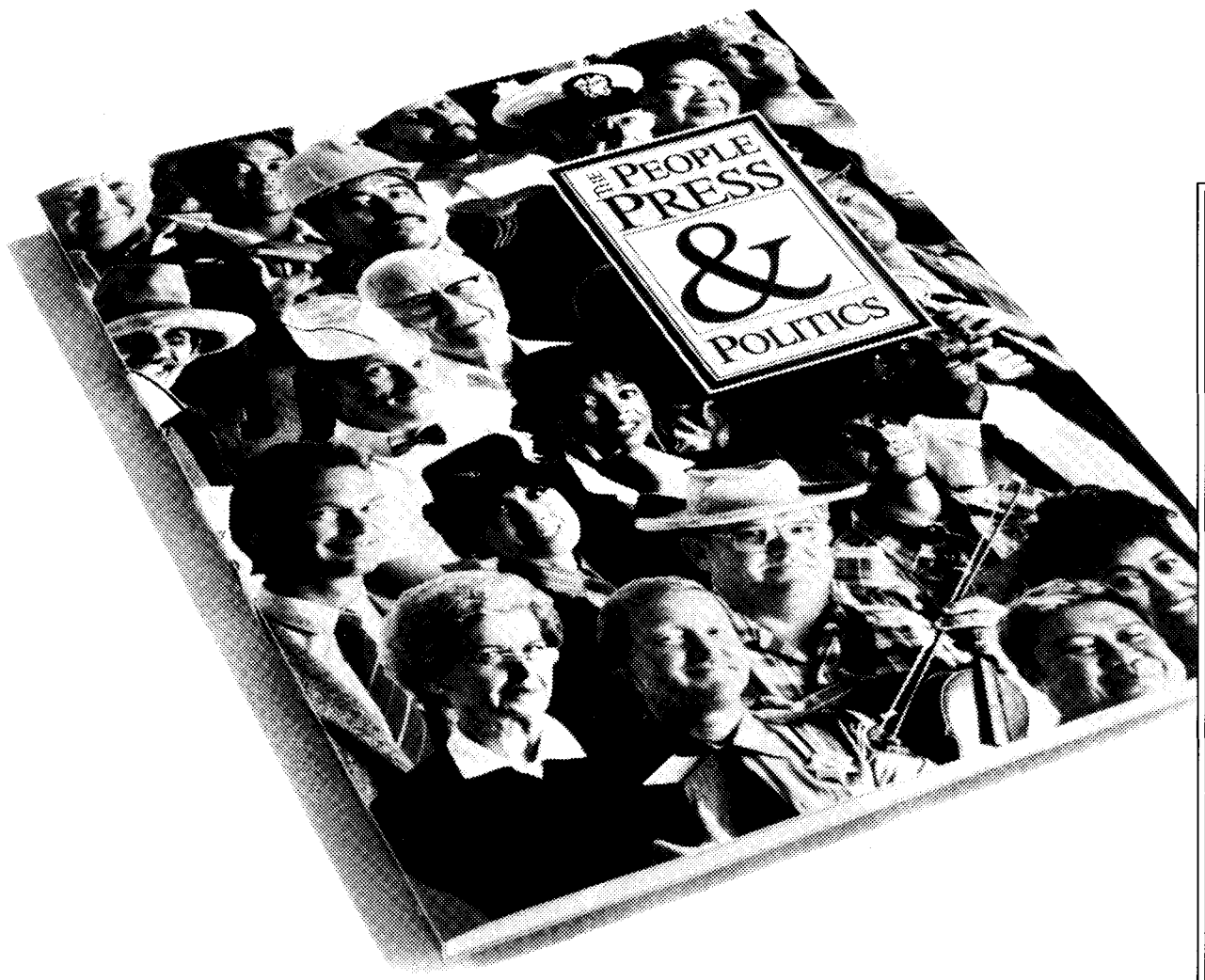

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Syria and the Middle East

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Syria has been much in the news lately. Still, most Americans don't quite know what to make of it. We hear about Syrian involvement in terrorism and know of its hostility to Israel. But we are not sure just what role it plays in the Middle East. Syria doesn't clearly come into focus. It deserves a closer look.

What are the facts?

■ Syria is a "client" of the Soviet Union. It's their most trusted ally in the region. It is the Cuba of the Middle East. The principal enemies of the USSR and Syria are the United States and Israel. Ironically, Syria has great understanding of Israel's role as defender of Western interests. Because Syria realizes that it's only Israel that stymies Soviet hegemony in the Middle East and insures U.S. influence in the area and in the Gulf region.

■ Syria is the most destabilizing influence in the Middle East. It is in war-like conflict with every one of its five neighbors. Syria claims large areas of Turkey. Over the years, Syria has launched many armed incursions against Jordan and it is only the threat of being confronted by Israeli military force that has prevented Syria from attempting a full-fledged takeover of that country. There is mortal enmity with Iraq and its leaders, which has caused Syria to make common cause with non-Arab Iran in the destructive Gulf War. Syrians consider Lebanon to be part of their own country and have now virtually occupied and annexed it. But their main fury is directed against Israel, because it represents an intolerable "non-Arab presence" in the area, because it has wrested the Golan Heights from Syria, but mostly because it is (rightly) perceived as a bulwark of Western influence and civilization, both of which Syria totally rejects.

■ Elimination of U.S. influence in the Middle East is where Syrian and Soviet wishes intersect. The interests of the Soviet Union are global and those of Syria regional, but their aims coincide. The Soviet Union is, of course, desirous to see the U.S. retreat from the Middle East, enabling the Soviet Union to extend its dominion over the entire region, which is close to their own strategic "soft underbelly". It would also give them control over the oil reserves of the Persian Gulf, the lifeblood of the Western world. Syria enthusiastically cooperates in the effort to dislodge the U.S., because the U.S. and its ally Israel stand in the way of the dream of "Greater Syria".

■ Syria's immediate military aim is to build to "strategic parity" with Israel. This would enable Syria to wage war with Israel, if necessary without the assistance of any of the other Arab States. To that end, it has so far acquired over $19 billion worth of the most advanced and sophisticated Soviet armament. This includes the most advanced Soviet fighters, the most advanced missiles, and major capability in chemical weapons, the most formidable and sophisticated air defense system, a tank force greater than that of France and England combined, and a promise by the Soviet Union of atomic weapons for "when the need arises". "We Syrians are not afraid to push the button", says Defense Minister Mustafa Talas.

■ Terror is the most pervasive aspect of the Syrian regime. Syria perceives of terror as a legitimate tool for furthering its national objectives. That terror is conducted by Syrian organizations sponsored by or affiliated with the government, or indirectly through "clients", primarily the Palestinians, Iranian and Libyan terror factions to whom Syria extends warm hospitality and support. Syria uses terror against Israeli and Western targets, or against Arab elements that do not conform to the Syrian policy line. But they reserve their most brutal terror against those suspected of internal opposition. In 1982, President Assad put down a rebellion in the town of Hama. Over 25,000 people were ruthlessly killed. *The New York Times* said President Assad ". . . turned half the town into a parking lot".

Syria is the leading ally of the Soviet Union and the outstanding enemy of the U.S. in the Middle East. The Syrian regime is one of unmitigated terror, of human rights violations, of ruthless persecution of political and religious minorities — especially, of course, the pitiful remnants of the Jewish population, who are not allowed to emigrate and are kept as hostages in the country. Syria is in conflict with every one of its five neighbors. Its political and military aim is the destruction of Israel, the establishment of "Greater Syria", and the elimination of any influence of the United States in the immediate area and in the Persian Gulf.

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CONTENTS

Sadat's Gift ..... Micah Morrison 14
A decade later, measuring the change.

Cory's Land Grab ..... Claudia Rosett 16
Land reform will not save Philippine democracy.

The Stinger Finds a Home ..... Marin Strmecki 19
Bill Casey's bequest to Afghanistan.

Glasnost Comes to America ..... Bohdan Nahaylo 21
A tempting new export from the Soviet Union.

DEPARTMENTS

The Continuing Crisis 8

Correspondence 9

Editorials/Bork, Now More Than Ever/Marxist Hashish Handlers ..... R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 10

Capitol Ideas/Humanists and Heretics ..... Tom Bethell 11

Spectator's Journal/Remembering Bayard Rustin ..... Midge Decter 24

The Public Policy/Secrets of the Airline Crisis ..... Anne Applebaum 26

The Nation's Pulse/The Iowa Hustings Now ... William Mueller 28

Presswatch/Distortions, Omissions, Lies ..... Michael Ledeen 31

Eminentoes/The Du Pont Revolution ..... Gordon Jackson 33

The Great American Saloon Series/A Redneck Inn ..... Dave Shiflett 35

The Talkies/Thrillers ..... Bruce Bawer 36

The Washington Spectator ..... Andrew Ferguson 50

Current Wisdom ..... Assorted Jackasses 52

BOOK REVIEWS

Sartre: A Life, by Annie Cohen-Solal ..... Crocker Coulson 38

Curse of the Giant Muffins and Other Washington Maladies, by Michael Kinsley ..... R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 41

Looking Forward, by George Bush with Victor Gold ..... Victor Gold (without George Bush) 42

The Jesuits, by Malachi Martin ..... John R. Dunlap 43

The Songlines, by Bruce Chatwin ..... Jennifer Howard 44

Thinking Like a Communist, by Tony Smith, and *My Dear Alex*, by Dinesh D'Souza and Gregory Fossedal .. Joseph Sobran 46

Domestic Affairs, by Joyce Maynard ..... Fred Barnes 47

Cover drawing by Elliott Banfield

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•For anyone with a high I.Q. September was a disaster. In the South and Southwest temperatures soared, in the West and Northwest forest fires raged out of control, and in the end it was Senator Joseph Biden of Delaware who got burned. "Frank," he told New Hampshire school teacher Mr. Frank Fahey last April, "I think I probably have a much higher I.Q. than you do." It took a dim nation nearly six months to catch on to the incendiary nature of Senator Biden's remark, whereupon the senator immediately withdrew from the race for the Democratic presidential nomination, though he remained adamant about the superiority of his mental gifts to those of Mr. Fahey. Sure enough, at month's end the lunkheaded teacher was inviting Senator Biden back to New Hampshire to speak to his students. Meanwhile, Senator Biden's standards of eloquence have been adopted by his recent rivals. "When a firestorm like that hits," Jesse Jackson said in response to Mr. Biden's ordeal, "then there is no way to handle it. . . . [Biden] took a look at his options and decided how to best manage the damage." Former Arizona governor Bruce Babbitt couldn't have said it better, not for lack of trying. "When the campaign began, I'll be honest, I wasn't very warm toward Joe Biden," reminisced Babbitt one evening 'round a campfire near the bottom of the Grand Canyon. "But to my surprise, I really came to like him and his family." Then, glancing to his side at a stream flowing nearby, Babbitt delivered a line that will live so long as there are Democratic presidential candidates: "Clearly he was caught in a crosscurrent of changing judgment criterion."

•Everyone keeps saying, "Who's next?" Well, we know it won't be Mr. John Zaccaro, who on September 28 went on trial in New York for extortion. Nor will it be Democratic Rep. James Traficant of Ohio, whose favorite-son candidacy, announced last August, was stunted before reaching dwarf status by a federal tax court judge who on September 14 ruled that Rep. Traficant had accepted $108,000 in bribes from "organized crime figures." Now that Rep. Patricia Schroeder has tearfully announced that she's not man enough to give it a go, and Kennedy stooge Michael Dukakis has taken credit for setting up Biden, the country is going to have to settle for the Hon. Richard Gephardt. Recall for a moment his selling of himself as the son of a milkman, or the ghastly joke about Henry Kissinger that he told at the Buckley-hosted debate in Houston on July 1. Conventional wisdom has it that he will set up anyone. In September a study found that Rep. Gephardt has the poorest voting record (72-percent no-show) of anyone in the House, and late in the month the congressman retracted a whopper made in a July nationwide fundraising appeal, to wit: "The Reagan administration has cut aid to veterans while more Vietnam veterans have committed suicide than were killed in the war." The pattern is unmistakable. The question now: who's in line behind Gephardt?

•In authentic news of veteran's affairs, Mr. S. Brian Willson, a Vietnam vet, reported his legs missing in action September 2 after he failed to derail an allegedly pro-contra munitions train in Concord, California. Later he was visited at his hospital bedside by Miss Rosario Murillo, the Sandinista Betty Grable and mother of President Daniel Ortega's children, while Jesse Jackson prayed aloud at the the spot where the limbs were first reported missing. "There's no greater sacrifice than to give up your legs that a nation might walk," said the Democratic frontrunner. Elsewhere it was back to school. Twenty-four Orange County, California high schools are now offering surfing classes for credit, the point being—according to Dr. Chuck Allen, the founder of the National Scholastic Surfing Association and a Southern California rationalist of the first order—to prevent students from cutting class to surf. And if they do cut, Dr. Allen can remind them that paddling can also be done out of water. As estimated by Temple University's National Center for the Study of Corporal Punishment and Alternatives in the Schools, more than two million incidents of corporal punishment occur in the nation's schools each year. In Burke, Virginia, such drastic measures may soon represent the next stage in the strange case of Mr. Don Seemuller, 42, a physical education teacher at the Lake Braddock Secondary School who did not know that a joke is no longer a joke. Mr. Seemuller has already been denied a pay raise and placed on probation for writing the following to the school's newspaper in response to allegations of "sexism" in the gym department: ". . . I like girls, and the many things they can accomplish. My two females at home are a sixteen year old, whom I permit to chauffeur my son to and from his many activities, and my wife, who is an adequate cook and housekeeper. My wife also does light yard work enabling me to play golf, and pursue many other masculine activities." You be the judge of this one.

•In other pressing business, California Governor George Deukmejian has signed into law a bill that aims to end the long lines faced by women at rest rooms in California's auditoriums, convention centers, sports arenas, and the like. Because of its confusing language, I'm not sure whether the new law mandates the construction of additional women's rooms in public places, or merely grants women license to barge into men's rooms any time they please. Gov. Deukmejian is now studying a bill that would create a state fund to pay for retirement homes for aged performing animals. *Ms.* magazine, Miss Gloria Steinem's—if I may be so bold—baby, has been sold to a female-run subsidiary of a major Australian media group. The new editor-in-chief is Miss Anne Summers, the former head of Australia's Office of the Status of Women, and I take it her first issue will announce that the term "down under" is unflattering to attractive women. In Hartford, Connecticut, state representative Eugene A. Migliaro, Jr. has been formally censured by the General Assembly for referring to homosexuals as "lollipops." Naturally, he's a Republican in a Democratic-controlled house. Finally, it was revealed that William Novak, co-author of Tip O'Neill's autobiography *Man of the House*, is also the co-author of *Mayflower Madame*, and now critics don't know what to make of Tip's title.

•Just who does Mikhail Gorbachev think he is? Here you have the most vigorous and inspiring leader of a major superpower since John F. Kennedy acting for nearly two months like Andropov. Was this out of respect for the aging Ronald Reagan, a chance for Reagan to regain some of the limelight in the wake of Iran-contra and thus restore some balance to the superpower relationship? There's been talk of food poisoning, but Pizza Hut is not due to open its Moscow franchises until next year. Perhaps Gorbachev was simply on an extended vacation, a particularly tempting scenario now that Reagan's hometown of Santa Barbara, California has established sister city ties with the beautiful resort of Yalta in the Crimean Peninsula. Whatever the case, Americans were deeply worried about Mike and tried through various forms

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of flattery to flush him back into the public eye. A Gallup poll revealed that 54 percent of the American people have a "favorable" opinion of Gorbachev—a ten point increase since last year. (Nikita Khrushchev never scored higher with Americans than 10 percent, in 1964.) Former Senator Gary Hart went public himself to call Gorbachev "a modern man," i.e., someone probably "more far-sighted and insightful than we are." The United States Senate voted 58 to 38 to restrict SDI testing, and New York Governor Mario Cuomo traveled to Leningrad and Moscow, compiled twenty-six hand-written pages of diary notes but left blank the sections he hoped to fill with impressions of the Soviet First Secretary. More generously still, the U.S. allowed one of its soldiers, on a military liaison mission in East Germany, to be shot at seven times by Soviet soldiers. Sounds like he was a Soviet spy.

•On September 22 the gorillas of the National Football League went on strike, and on September 6 it was announced that the late George Halas, Jr., the son of the Chicago Bears founder, had been a blocking dummy. Pathologists who disinterred Mr. Halas's body last month found it filled with sawdust. In other sports news, New York Yankee third baseman Mike Pagliarulo refused to pose for a picture with one Jane Fonda on the grounds that his uncle is a Marine sergeant. The incomparable Ivan Lendl—who, if he wishes to win more acclaim, American-style, might change his name to Johnny Lendell, suggests the *Wall Street Journal*'s Frederick Klein—won the U.S. Tennis Open for a third time. Miss Martina Navratilova took the women's title, but the victory that matters came two weeks later in San Clemente, California, where she won $20,000 and a new car. "The car was an incentive for me because I have one in Fort Worth and I needed one in Aspen," she said. This is the kind of thinking that moved Miss Donna Hanson, the lay Catholic priestess who preached at Pope John Paul II in San Francisco, to call "consumerism in the United States" a source of as much pain for the Pope as "persecution in your beloved Poland [and] starvation in Ethiopia." Why was the Pope so badly treated in the U.S.? After all, he already has an American name. According to Professor Seymour Martin Lipset, "a major part of the problem was the pope himself. This is a pope who is not prepared to budge on anything, except to say, 'I'm the boss.' I think he turned a lot of people off by coming to America and saying that theological issues are non-negotiable, undiscussable."

•In Daria, Florida, Mr. Leo Polk, the most prolific blood donor in the history of the United States—over 320 pints in 60 years, by his calculations—died on empty at 79. Mr. Lorne Greene, the Canadian actor and dogfood master, died at 72 in Santa Monica, California. Mr. Bob Fosse, whose life was one continuous ugly dance, died on a Washington, D.C. street, and death also took 86-year-old Hollywood director-producer Mr. Mervyn LeRoy. In 1951 Mr. LeRoy committed the political crime of the century: he introduced Nancy Davis to Ronald Reagan. Mrs. Reagan was last seen in public on September 23 at the Old Angler's Inn outside Washington at a two-and-a-half hour private lunch with Mr. George Will. She ate an avocado shrimp salad, he swordfish with mustard sauce. They both sipped Perrier. *—WP*

CORRESPONDENCE

Moon Talk

Andrew Ferguson hits a bull's-eye ("Can Buy Me Love: The Mooning of Conservative Washington," *TAS*, September 1987). I covered a Unification Church rally the first summer I worked for *National Review*, and was, to put it mildly, weirded out. "Moon," I wrote then (*NR*, July 9, 1976), "is a shameless blasphemer; he says things about the United States that should not be said about any human creation—not to mention what he says about himself."

Conservatives have to be clear on this. We are in the business of defending the best of the West. On the religious plane, that includes Christianity in its sundry forms; Judaism; even the Deism of someone like Jefferson. It can't include a Korean preacher who thinks he's God, or close to it. The enemy of my enemy may be my friend. He is not therefore me.

It's only fair to add that I've gone on two junkets of the World Media Association, which were interesting and informative. There was never the slightest pressure to influence what I wrote afterwards. The Moonies who ran the show (Larry Moffitt was the chief impresario) were unfailingly hard-working and helpful. I believe Rev. Moon's theology is fantastic. But then, I think the same of Mary Baker Eddy's and Joseph Smith's. That wouldn't stop me from writing for the *Christian Science Monitor* or the *Deseret News*.

—Richard Brookhiser
Managing Editor
National Review
New York, New York

The article by Andrew Ferguson in the September *TAS* breaks with conservative silence on the Moon organization, its relationship with the *Washington Times*, and its financial support of several prominent conservative organizations. Ferguson's article reveals a peculiar reluctance on the part of many who accept Moon funds to explain why they do so, begging the questions: What do they seek to hide and what does Moon seek to gain?

Even those who do admit to Ferguson that they accept Moon funds profess ignorance of the source of the funding. Given the sordid history of Moon cult activities and Moon's conviction for tax evasion, this professed ignorance places squarely in issue whether fund recipients are acting responsibly, in a publicly accountable manner, by not clearly identifying the source of Moon funds before they accept them. On a less pragmatic level, questions are raised concerning whether recipients of Moon funds who publicly proclaim conservative values can avoid being viewed as hypocritical if they accept finances from enterprises controlled by one who seeks implementation of an agenda not merely alien to most conservatives' objectives but in opposition to them.

Ferguson deserves accolades for his First Amendment foray into the all-too-secretive world of Sun Myung Moon. It is a healthy press function, essential to preservation of our republic, to find factual answers to vexing questions about the exercise of power by semi-secret organizations in our society. This is particularly so when representatives of the organizations have been known to engage in illegal practices.

More exploration is needed to answer the many questions raised by Ferguson's inquiry and to uncover the full scope of Moon's secretive operations. I hope other conservative journals will follow the *Spectator*'s lead and will seek to render fully accountable all facets of Moon's operations.

—Jonathan W. Emord
Washington, D.C.

For-the-record: The members of the Unification Church I've met are honest, hard-working, God-fearing people. And I'd much rather associate with them, and have them as my friends, than I would your editor, Mr. Tyrrell, who has called the Bible "an old book full of foolishness."

And in his zeal to separate sheep from goats—to say who can and cannot be legitimate members of the conservative movement—Mr. Ferguson has revealed his own apostasy (is the conservative movement a cult?).

No, Mr. Ferguson, the conservative movement is *not* "a movement upon which, it is safe to say, the survival of freedom depends," as you write. What silly, stupid, arrogant nonsense, sir.

The future of freedom depends on and will be determined by God Almighty, by Jesus Christ—a power far higher than the conservative movement, Mr. Moon, and, yes—dare I say it—even Mr. Tyrrell.

—John Lofton, Columnist
Washington Times
Washington, D.C.

I can only suppose that other readers shared my bewilderment as we plowed through a succession of standard issue anti-Moon stories supplied by the former Moonies of the Cult Awareness Network. Was it a reprint from the *National Enquirer*? It was only after 150 column inches of copy that an explanation was given. Andrew Ferguson has been slighted by the *Washington Times*, and was retaliating courtesy of *The American Spectator*. Bizarre, but understandable. But I am very upset that he uses my organization, CAUSA, and my church, the Unification Church, as wadding for his loads. Furthermore, with appeals for funds from RET coming once every two issues, why are four valuable pages used for inside-the-Beltway pouting?

—William Lay
Vice-President
CAUSA International
New York, New York

I couldn't help feeling disappointed that Mr. Andrew Ferguson's article on Reverend Moon's "quest for legitimacy" was not more negative in tone. Okay, he was snide and he went through the motions of laying on the caustic lime undercoating traditional in Moon-Takes-Over-World articles, but his heart clearly wasn't in it. If I am going to be a member of an unfashionable religion, I expect press vilification commensurate with renegade beliefs. This isn't what I signed on for. Where's the bile?

Part of the reason for the kid gloves may be that for as long as anyone can

(continued on page 48)

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EDITORIALS

BORK, NOW MORE THAN EVER

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Washington

Judge Robert H. Bork, President Reagan's nominee to replace Justice Lewis F. Powell, Jr. on the Supreme Court, is going to be making heavy weather of it over the next few weeks as he is battered on the high seas of partisan politics. Nonetheless, according to my reading of the stars, he will be confirmed. Then, this great city will go into a boil over some other passing horror. That is the way things go in an era of changing political values, and the era of change will not end with the adjournment of the Reagan Administration.

About this particular fracas, there is something, however, that is decidedly unfair. A lone federal judge who has sided with his colleagues in 95 percent of their cases, not one of which has been overturned by the Supreme Court, is now inveighed against as a dinosaur of the *Tyrannasaurus rex* variety. His main defenders are conservative groups presumed to be partisan. Against him has been marshaled a prodigious array of interest groups most of whom are allowed the dispensation of claiming to be above partisanship and motivated solely by noble ideals such as population control, unfettered personal liberty, a well-educated Republic. They argue that the dinosaur imperils all these good things. In truth, the groups above alluded to—Planned Parenthood, the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Education Association—have in recent decades fallen under the sway of liberal Democrats and of persons further left, as have most other organizations in the anti-Bork coalition. Their real complaint is that Judge Bork is not one of them.

Indeed he is not. His sagacious writings and his winning appearances on Capitol Hill reveal him as a conservative and a man of our times. His readings of the Constitution are quite as contemporary and as relevant as those of the man he will replace, Justice Powell. It is his critics, those deriding him as an "extremist," who are relicts from another time, 1964 to be exact, when conservatism could with some justification be labeled extremist. Since then conservatives have taken their case persuasively to the people. One of their own has been inhabiting 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue since 1980, and the country has prospered in comparative tranquility at least when weighed against the 1970s and the ghastly 1960s.

Senator Kennedy's harangue against Judge Bork during the hearings of the Senate Judiciary Committee sounded quaint, to say nothing of bigoted. The Senator apparently lives in an endless 1964 when conservatives were belabored as racists and reactionaries. Today it is Senator Kennedy who can be dismissed as a reactionary. He has forgotten nothing from the past and learned nothing from the conservative present. He and the other surprisingly vitriolic critics of Judge Bork who predict that his confirmation will conduce to an abrupt break with custom might recall that it is they who are the usual champions of abrupt change. Conservatives oppose such change, and there is nothing in the record of Judge Bork or of any of President Reagan's other conservative nominees to suggest that they will encourage any species of radicalism.

Judge Bork's moderation is manifest even in his fundamental judicial principle. He does not advocate the judicial activism that might justify his opponents' blood curdling yells but rather judicial restraint, which favors measured changes at best. Why has this so angered his critics? It is not because judicial restraint will reverse their policies instantaneously but because it will change one of the least noticed conventions of modern liberal politics.

Modern liberal politics has handed over the burden of reform to the courts. Bork would return it to elected representatives. Judicial restraint encourages law made by legislators, not by courts. It encourages democratic process. It returns the courts to their proper role of adjudging the constitutionality of the legislators' work.

In recent decades liberal legislators have been pleased to allow the Supreme Court to do the controversial work of setting national standards in such areas as abortion, affirmative action, capital punishment, and school prayer, where no congressional majority could be mustered for their positions. Then with smiling faces they can wink their approval to their liberal constituents and when with aggrieved conservatives don the grease paint and commiserate. As our judges have become the makers of law, our Congress has become a colony of actors. In an era of judicial restraint, they are going to have to take responsibility for their acts and answer to the electorate. Times change. We move from judiocracy back to old-fashioned democracy. Things could be worse.□

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

MARXIST HASHISH HANDLERS

New York

Now here is a delightful specimen of Americana for you. The *New York Times* reports that the Union of Radical Political Economics (U.R.P.E. and pronounced UR-PEA) has just held its annual summer conference. U.R.P.E. represents the nation's Marxist economists, and there on the business page of the *Times* the assembled Marxist economists are pictured, attired in work shirts and denims, their faces unshaven, their hair unkempt, all dressed as though they had just finished a day of heavy manual labor. Was it in good-natured jest that the *Times* placed this picture of Marxist economists exactly adjacent to the headline: "Dow Gains 23.60 Points; I.B.M. Up"?

Indeed, applying Marxist economics can be a heavy labor. That old crank who in the last century made such a pest of himself at the reading room of the British Museum never said anything true or useful about economics, or anything else for that matter. It is quite as misleading to speak of Marxist economics as it is to speak of chiropractic science. Dr. Marx's contribution to knowledge is not in the realm of economics but in the realm of warfare. He provided mankind with a compelling new rationale for killing one's neighbor. Since Dr. Marx's passing more people have been slaughtered in his name than in the names of any potentate or ayatollah ever heard of. Nonetheless, despite the fact that Marxism is as useful to an economist as his neighbor's toothbrush, the *Times* reports that there are approximately 1,000 members of U.R.P.E., and that the group is growing ever more influential. That is a surprise. What is no surprise is that most of the Marxist economists are university professors or economists for state governments.

After all, how many universities or state governments operate at a profit? What would have been news would be if U.R.P.E. contained large numbers of economists from the world of private industry or banking. But to find Marxist economists counseling industry one has to travel to such industrial paradises as Albania, Bulgaria, and Vietnam—now one of the poorest nations on earth. Marxist economics does not eliminate poverty. It merely assists patriots in transforming their countries into prison camps. It provides a swell rationale for thwarting modern man's longing for freedom.

Remember Dr. Marx's great line from *The Communist Manifesto*, "The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains"? Well, once again, he was wrong. Some years ago the *Wall Street Journal* exulted in apprising readers that America's poverty line was at that time about $1,000 above the Soviet Union's median family income. All good U.R.P.E. members still believe that liberal democracies keep people in chains. Blue-collar workers and the poor are especial targets of their bizarre theories. That ought to worry workers and the impoverished. Next to the blue-collar workers of Communist countries

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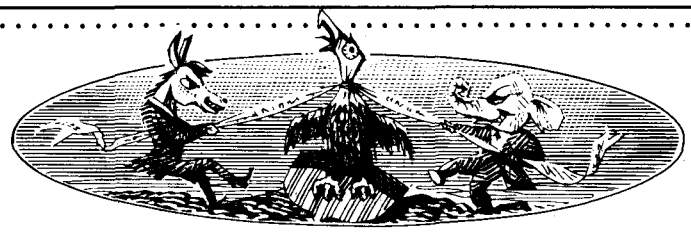
America's blue-collar workers live like Mellons and Rockefellers. As Harvard's Edward Banfield observed in the 1960s, poverty in America is mostly a matter of relative deprivation. Our poor do not have as much as those better off; but they have vastly more than ever before, and they are not living on the hem of death as in past centuries. Moreover, America's poor would be considered middle class through much of the world, that is to say in many areas under the ministrations of Marxist economists. Yet there is a mystery about what the *Times* rightly describes as U.R.P.E.'s growing influence. Marxist economics and Marxism in general have receded in Europe even among the intelligentsia. Only in England does Marxism hang on. But in America, particularly in our universities, it seems to be growing, notwithstanding its cruel history and impoverished present. How does one account for this?

The only explanation for the difference between Marxism's popularity here and in Europe that I can devise is that American academics have only heard the Marxist jingles. They have never been very close to the grim Marxist reality. What is more, Marxism promises excitement. Let us face it, it must have been thrilling at this summer's U.R.P.E. meeting when one stentorian economist rose from the audience and called for arming America's proletariat. Yet that feat has already been achieved by the National Rifle Association. Once again, the private sector delivers. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



HUMANISTS AND HERETICS

by Tom Bethell

At the time of the Pope's visit the secular humanists met in conference at the American University, barely a mile from where I live. There was to be "dialogue" with Roman Catholic theologians, discussions of humanist values, and an awards banquet, complete with an unmasking of those notorious weeping icons.

A few years ago there was a half-hearted pretense that secular humanists, like unicorns, really don't exist. (See, for example, "The Right's New Bogeyman," by Kenneth Woodward, *Newsweek*, July 6, 1981. ". . . The target is what Christian fundamentalists label 'humanism'—and their campaign against anyone they regard as a humanist threatens to become as virulent as the anti-Communist crusade of the 1950s.") I decided to confirm their existence with my own eyes.

The conference was organized by Paul Kurtz and *Free Inquiry*, the quarterly magazine he has edited since 1980. A professor of philosophy at the State University of New York (Buffalo), Dr. Kurtz drafted "Humanist Manifesto II" (1973), wrote the "Secular Humanist Declaration" (1980), edited the *Humanist*, and published a collection of his articles under the title *In Defense of Secular Humanism* (1983). Sidney Hook of the Hoover Institution says that Kurtz is "the number one secular humanist in America," reserving for himself the number two position.

Prof. Kurtz himself gave me a friendly welcome, telling me that *Free Inquiry* has 30,000 subscribers. A table was loaded down with humanist literature, for example a booklet entitled "A Humanist Funeral Service," by Corliss Lamont. A dean of the university opened the proceedings: "We are with you in your quest for inquiry and openness and development."

I had assumed that secular humanists were first cousins to libertarians, but this turned out to be a mistake. The defining characteristic of secular humanism is the espousal of a worldview from which God is excluded. All other considerations are subordinated to that. On the second afternoon there was discussion of various Christian legal challenges to the public school curricula (federal courts have recently sided with the Tennessee and Alabama school boards in these suits). Someone suggested that the humanists might want to embrace the libertarian solution to such educational dilemmas: vouchers. That way the Christians could have their schools and the atheists theirs.

But the humanists weren't interested. One man from Minnesota told me later that they would view such a proposal with as much suspicion as a constitutional convention. Such a reaction in turn leads Christians to suspect that what appeals to humanists about the U.S. system of public education, from which religion is now so zealously excluded, is precisely its compatibility with the atheist worldview: training grounds, presumably, for more secular humanists.

"Humanist Manifesto I," published in 1933, oddly purports to found a "vital, fearless and frank religion . . . shaped by the needs of this age." But there was no pie in the sky for John Dewey, Lester Mondale (Walter's brother), and their thirty-six co-signers. "The nature of the universe depicted by modern science makes unacceptable any supernatural or cosmic guarantees of human values."

A preface to "Manifesto II" notes that the earlier document had been "far too optimistic": Nazism and "other totalitarian regimes" had intervened. Science itself had "sometimes brought evil." The revised version also dropped the idea that a new religion was a-borning. (Indeed, fundamentalists are wasting their time trying to claim that Sec-Hum is a religion, its ideas thus excludable from schools on First Amendment grounds. The claim by all its leading exponents that humanism is not a religion must be taken as conclusive.)

To their credit, secular humanists insist on definition, so that the notions "true" and "false" still have meaning in their philosophy. I found myself rather admiring their unflinching adherence to their bleak worldview. Dr. Kurt Baier, a professor of philosophy at the University of Pittsburgh, may have even slightly shocked this crowd (of about 200) when he said: "It could be worthwhile to snuff out the fag-end of a life."

It was not a young audience—a good many of them wearing Block Bork buttons—and of course secular humanists are old-fashioned in insisting on identity and truth-in-labeling: actually "orthodox" values. They are in this sense "card-carrying," like equally old-fashioned Communists who believed you had to join the party in order to promote the millennium.

At the end of one session, a woman came to the microphone and said she was a Unitarian. Young people in the church say to her: "This liberal religion is okay, but what sustains you in a time of crisis?" How would the panel respond?

"Well, the question is a difficult one," said Dr. Baier. "But you must ask that person why he or she finds life empty. Sometimes that question comes from neurotics who are self-centered." He added that it was hard to give a starry-eyed answer. "Some may have physical impediments, so it's difficult to give them hope."

"Still, there is a recurring emptiness."

"These people have a hidden 'must,'" said Albert Ellis, award-winning sexologist, now heading something called the Institute for Rational-Emotive Therapy. "There *must* not be these crises."

"Whining and screaming about crises," someone said.

"They can always happily kill themselves," said another.

Baier, from Austria, and an award-winner that night as a "defender of our humanist frame of reference," said this was a "very important question. The real problem for these people is the fact of death. They do not want to die. Religion gives us consolation that we will not."

The moderator then said that we were out of time but that "we will come back to this question of the meaning of life," which "needed to be addressed more fully."

Secular humanists often refer to their small membership, sometimes to their considerable influence. Paul Kurtz said at the outset: "*Free Inquiry* represents a point of view held by tens of millions of secularists and human-

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Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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ists in the United States: non-religious people, independent free thinkers, nominal Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and others."

The first day of the conference was devoted to a "dialogue with our Roman Catholic colleagues," most of them purveyors of a theology liberated from the moorings of meaning. Among them were ex-priest Dan Maguire and his wife Marjorie (once a novice in a nunnery). By some Vatican oversight or Jesuitical chicanery, Dan is permitted to teach theology at Marquette University. One would be inclined to call the Maguires heretics if it weren't so clear they would take it as a compliment. Dan likes to say that he was in the confessional one day when his future wife came in and said: Don't knock sin. Come on out and try it. Their first date, one might say.

In the all-too-short "dialogue" time left over after academic speeches, it was interesting to note the frustration the humanists evidently felt trying to pin down the elusive Maguire. Here indeed, they surely felt, was an ally, a "soul" mate, a non-believer ready to repudiate almost any doctrine. Yet he rejected labels, eluded definition, assumed different shapes, believed his words to mean whatever he wanted when he uttered them; and so his claim to be a believer, without ever having to say what he believed in, drove the humanists to distraction.

Maguire, without a doubt, understood that he enjoyed the subversive leverage of teaching at a (nominally) Catholic university. And this made him useful to the forces of secularism, but only so long as he remained inside the church (just as Malcolm Muggeridge probably had more pro-Christian influence outside it). Maguire boasted that the academic vice-president at Marquette had told him: "Dan Maguire is free to follow his mind wherever it leads him. There is no limit to the pursuit of truth at this university."

But the humanists could not easily follow Maguire's mind. One man wondered how Maguire could both call himself a humanist (as Maguire had), and yet believe in God. "As I understand Christianity and traditional religion," the perplexed one said, "Christians must believe in the divinity of Jesus, the Resurrection, and a life hereafter." Yet these were "totally in opposition to humanism."

"I heard that same statement when I was debating members of the Moral Majority," said the complacent Maguire.

Another questioner asked why those on the panel weren't Protestants. "They say, 'I don't believe in the Trinity, in the Resurrection.' I say why the hell are you a Catholic, then? Most of my Catholic friends are more like you. They enjoy being heretics in the Catholic Church. I just wondered if that was your strategy?"

Maguire: "There's no unity, there are multiple Catholicisms. Partly I'm a cultural Catholic in the same way that I'm an American—and I despise an awful lot that my country represents." He added superfluously: "the labels are meaning less and less."

Fred Edwords of the American Humanist Association and tireless scourge of creationists came to the microphone next. "What is so baffling to many secular humanists, especially those that came out of the church," he said, "is that we're hearing from you all of these wonderful stories about how much room for dissent there is in the church, following your reasoning wherever it leads. I'm inclined to ask you this. Looking at the different doctrines you have rejected, can you be a Catholic and reject them all? And still say publicly, 'I am a Catholic?' And if so, what does it mean?"

"That's a tough one," someone on the panel said.

It seems that when the bishops shrink from excommunication, or (as in the U.S.) oppose it as repressive, it

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A recently rediscovered private cache of 4,375 historic Silver Dollars from our nation's colonial period has now been authenticated and certified.

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England ignored the colonists' requests for Silver coins, so the enterprising Americans turned to the Spanish Piece of Eight as a primary means of exchange. These legendary Silver Dollars (bearing the denomination 8 Reales) were struck at the famed Mexico City Mint, the first mint in the Americas, and then shipped to the 13 colonies.

The high precious metal content of these Silver coins made them an immediate favorite with the Americans, and they remained extremely popular *even after our nation began to mint its own currency*. Remarkably, these Silver Dollars continued to be a legal coin in the United States until 1857.

Coin Description:

The obverse of each coin bears the profile of Charles III, King of Spain, and the year in which it was minted. The reverse bears the crown and shield of the Spanish Empire, the 8 Reales denomination, and the Mexico City mintmark.

Each coin was minted between 1772-1821, and each measures 39.5mm in diameter (slightly larger than the U.S. Silver Dollar that it inspired).

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is left to the secular humanists to step forward and insist on a little clarity and definition.

"When you say 'reject the doctrines,' I still keep hearing kind of nineteenth-century dogmas," said Maguire in reply, "and worrying about the natural versus the supernatural and then ticking off elements of the old Creed." He babbled on about re-envisioning the world, about "mystery in personal terms," and the "God option," concluding that he would never call himself "exclusively" Catholic anymore because he was "comfortable with other groups." His thick, smothering smokescreen of words seemed to have meaning because his sentences parsed, but in fact they had no real meaning at all.

I could understand why Sidney Hook, number two in the Sec-Hum hierarchy, was so disgusted with liberated theologians and would rather debate old-fashioned Thomists.

There is a real and intriguing division here between the Heretics and the Humanists and I regret to say that the Heretics represent the wave of the future. The secular millions are more in tune with their soft gibberish than with the hard-edged choices the Humanists would force on us.

At the Awards Banquet on Saturday night Richard Dean at my table told me he was a member of Friends Free of Theism, a group that meets in Minneapolis on solstices and equinoxes. A doctor from Boca Raton told me that "once you get rid of the repressive tenets of religion, you get rid of the cause of war."

"Man has to solve his own problems without the help of the deity," said Richard Dean.

"It's nice to have a big daddy to lean on," said another.

Speaking from the podium, Paul Kurtz said that next year the Humanists would perform "sort of an exorcism," putting "all of our condemnations in a box and letting them go over the [Niagara] Falls. How do you like that?" (Hearty applause.)

Shawn Carlson, completing his Ph. D. in physics at U. C. Berkeley, was the concluding speaker. He had brought with him a picture of the Mona Lisa thick enough to conceal some contraption in the back, canvas stapled over it. Referring to the recently weeping icon at St. Nicholas Albanian Orthodox Church in Chicago as a "not-so-miraculous miracle" (a representation of the Virgin Mary, painted in 1962, "wept" an oily substance for seven months, from December 6, 1986, to July 7, 1987), Carlson said he could reproduce the effect. Seemingly planning to do so, he stood his Mona Lisa on the podium. But she remained embarrassingly dry-eyed.

As it happened I had visited this Chicago church in February and the icon indeed was "weeping" when I was there. Moreover the pastor, Father Philip Koufos, took me behind the icon and there was nothing to be seen except the thin (dry) plywood backing of the icon—no contrivance was or possibly could have been hidden there. (He told me more recently that more than a million people were anointed with the substance that flooded copiously from the eyes and fingers of this icon, and there have been "45 documented healings" as a result.)

I told Shawn Carlson this and he said: "I am not saying that weeping icons are not miracles." Only that he could reproduce the same effect. But his hadn't worked. The real one had.

He ended his performance by telling us that a couple of religious colleagues in the labs had told him he is "destined to go to hell." But, Carlson told the secular humanists assembled, this didn't worry him. "Because if I am going to hell, all of you are going to hell too." (Did the laughter have a somewhat hollow ring to it?)

"So," Carlson concluded, "see you in hell." □

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Micah Morrison

SADAT'S GIFT

A decade later, measuring the change.

On a November evening a decade ago, Anwar Sadat boarded a plane in Egypt and flew into history. The Egyptian president knew the importance of the right sequence of events, timing, and the dramatic gesture. Four years earlier, in 1973, Sadat had shaken Israeli confidence and restored a measure of nationalist pride in Egypt by waging the battles known in the West as the Yom Kippur War. By 1975, Henry Kissinger's shuttle diplomacy had helped secure a single step away from war with the completion of an Egyptian-Israeli disengagement accord on the Sinai Peninsula, in which the two governments agreed that the disputes between them would be resolved not "by military force but by peaceful means."

By early 1977, however, events were taking a turn for the worse. Sadat watched in dismay as Jimmy Carter busily planned for an international conference on the Arab-Israel dispute, a forum that would return the Soviets to a major role in the Middle East, set up a situation in which the more moderately inclined Arab governments would come under enormous pressure to make no concessions, and supply Israel's new conservative premier with a plausible excuse for rejecting peace talks.

So Sadat brought his message straight to Jerusalem. It is hard to recall the euphoria Sadat's visit caused. It was a move of unimagined boldness, a leap of historical faith. In Jerusalem and Cairo, it was a moment of hope. Perhaps the past did not have to be prelude to generations of endless war. Perhaps Arabs and Israelis could make a life together, build a region of peace and prosperity. Sadat in Jerusalem is still a signpost in the landscape of the Arab-Israel conflict, but the region it occupies is a lonely one, the road to which it points—direct negotiations, hard bargaining from positions of strength and security, mutual concessions—is one that few Middle Eastern leaders seem willing to travel down.

Ten years after Sadat's visit to Jerusalem, how much has changed? What is his legacy? The peace treaty between Israel and the most powerful Arab state on its borders, achieved after sixteen months of tough negotiations, is intact. The psychological impact of a leading Arab nation, arguably *the* leading Arab nation, making peace with Israel has altered the terms of the debate. Many Arab states have come implicitly—if not explicitly—to accept Israel's right to exist in the region. Of course, the issue of the Palestinians and the occupied territories remains a grave dilemma, a knife pointed at the heart of Israeli democracy.

Ten years later, some of the lead players are gone from the stage. Sadat and Moshe Dayan—Israel's foreign minister during the negotiations—are dead; Menachem Begin is in seclusion, his triumph with Egypt thwarted by the tragedy of Lebanon; Jimmy Carter, who played an invaluable role in holding the negotiations together once he realized that he would not get an international conference, has taken up a life of carpentry. Others have weathered the decade: Yasser Arafat still runs the multi-billion dollar conglomerate known as the PLO; Hafez Assad remains in power in Syria; King Hussein continues to rule Jordan. And a few of the Indians have become chiefs: Hosni Mubarak, Sadat's veep at the time, now governs an Egypt beset by economic difficulties and decay; Shimon Peres, then the Israeli opposition leader, now runs half the government.

Under a "rotation" deal worked out after the deadlocked 1984 elections, the center-left Peres shares power with the center-right Yitzhak Shamir, who in 1977 was a Begin lieutenant. The Peres half of the government, run from the foreign ministry, pushes hard for an international conference. In terms of domestic Israeli politics, Peres apparently is positioning himself as "the peace candidate" for the 1988 elections. The Shamir half of the government, run from the prime minister's office and holding a slight edge, sticks to the Camp David approach of direct negotiations and generally takes a pessimistic view of peace talks.

With a divided Israel, an Egypt distracted by internal problems, and a PLO recently reunited with its radical offshoots, the outlook for peace is not on the surface promising. Although Jordan is trying to build support on the West Bank, and the Israelis are not standing in the way of this effort, most Palestinians in the territories are keen in their loyalty to Arafat, the man who, in their view, put the Palestinian cause on the international map. Syria remains a wild card: Assad has his hands full with internal economic problems, a militarily draining occupation of Lebanon, and the politically costly support of non-Arab Iran in its war against Arab Iraq. And, as Daniel Pipes forcefully demonstrated in the July issue of *Commentary*, it is inter-Arab rivalries, not Arab-Israel arguments, that shape Arab positions on the issue of the Palestinians and peace with Israel. The "sheer quantity of the feuding Arab participants," Pipes notes, "acts to prolong the conflict and prohibits a lasting peace."

As to the superpowers, the Soviet Union, frozen out of much of the action in the region in the 1970s, is now moving with intelligence and circumspection. It continues to aid radicals of many stripes—including Syrians, Libyans, and various PLO factions—but the financial leash is a tight one, and the clients know it. At the same time, Moscow is making soothing noises to moderates such as Jordan and Egypt, the nervous Kuwaitis, and the theocratic revolutionaries of Iran. The Soviets have benefited from Washington's disarray. For while the U.S. provided keen attention and a guiding hand during the Egypt-Israel initiative begun in 1977, in 1987 it is merely trying to keep a hand in

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the game without getting it shot off.

So the bad news is that ten years after the Egyptian nation recognized Israel's right to exist, the end to the Arab-Israel dispute remains out of sight. Yet there are some promising signs on the horizon. The fact that the peace treaty with Egypt has held for nearly a decade is one of those signs. The peace is "cold," true, but Hosni Mubarak and the Egyptian military recognize its value. Other Arabs have sought openings in the walls of stalemate and mistrust. Morocco, geographically peripheral yet Islamic and Arab, welcomed Shimon Peres to its shores. Jordan's King Hussein recently has engaged in a number of "secret" meetings with Israeli emissaries. Unmarked Israeli goods and services, as well as the less tangible coinage of free-flowing ideas in a democratic society, blend into the Arab states via the West Bank's "open bridges" with Jordan and by other avenues.

In the territories, there are small signs that the Palestinians may be changing their attitudes toward dealing with Israel. For the first time some Palestinian intellectuals are suggesting that an Arab slate be formed to run in the Jerusalem municipal elections in 1988. Up to now, the Palestinians have refused to become involved in Israeli politics, viewing such involvement as an acceptance of Israeli rule and legitimacy. But Palestinian political involvement could lead to a demand for full political rights, a demand Israeli democracy would find most difficult to ignore. If a Palestinian slate showed some degree of independence from the PLO (and managed to remain in the land of the living), it might introduce a new counterweight to extremist blocs in Arafat's umbrella organization, radical initiatives from Arab states, and the "we-have-nobody-to-deal-with" lobby in Jerusalem. Recent reports indicate, however, that the people behind the municipal slate idea have backed off in the face of local protests and orders from PLO bosses abroad. Still, an interesting trial balloon has gone up.

King Hussein is also seeking to build support for his own agenda by strengthening pro-Jordan groups on the West Bank. One group has applied to Jerusalem for permission to open new schools in the territories. Another is planning to lobby publicly for the idea of a confederation between the West Bank and Jordan as a solution to the Israeli-Palestinian dispute. These and other moves would be impossible without tacit Israeli cooperation. According to some reports, the king is thinking about stacking his rubber-stamp parliament with West Bankers, to bolster his claim of representing both banks of the Jordan River. What the king does with his parliament will provide a clue to his intentions.

But perhaps the most important lesson for the peaceniks this past decade has been, simply, ten long years: peace doesn't leap, it crawls. Generations of enmity and intractable geo-strategic realities will not be undone in a U.S. presidential term or two. Sadat's dramatic flight to Jerusalem jolted into motion a process that inched up to a peace treaty and then, apparently, stalled. But Arab attitudes toward Israel have changed a little. And the Israelis have become more weary of war and uneasy about the continuing occupation. And the Palestinians of the territories, after twenty years of empty rhetoric, have begun to look at the PLO with more than a little skepticism.

In addition, a promising sequence of events may be falling into place. While regional moderate and pro-West elements—Egypt, Jordan, Palestinians disillusioned with the PLO—appear to

Laughable trade measures

We have argued long and loudly in this space that protectionism, in the long run, is economic folly. But two amendments in the Senate trade bill—itself a largely protectionist document—are so illogical as to go beyond folly into an area that can only be defined as absurdity.

One amendment would add a new dimension to the argument over what constitutes an unfair trade practice—the issue of worldwide supply and demand. Under that amendment, if there is surplus worldwide capacity to produce a commodity—or if somebody's crystal ball says there will be a future surplus—governments that encourage the production of those commodities could trigger retaliation by the U.S. The other amendment zeros in on agricultural products, minerals and chemicals, and seeks to apply a similar supply-demand test as a criterion for loans by multilateral lending agencies.

Taken together, the potential impact of these amendments is sublimely ridiculous. For example:

- There's currently excess worldwide capacity to produce oil and natural gas, and the surplus is expected to remain a fact of life well into the future. Most of the surplus capacity happens to be in the OPEC countries. Even so, these amendments would seek to bar countries like Great Britain, Canada, West Germany, and Brazil from encouraging the search for any more oil and gas. If the U.S. were the target of such legislation elsewhere, America could be barred from producing new domestic reserves. Now that, we submit, is patently an absurd position for any oil-importing country, including the U.S.
- Since when does the capacity to produce an item—even excess capacity—assure that the item is readily available to consumers all over the world? Certainly price is a factor, and transportation costs, as just one example, help determine price. If capacity were the proper yardstick, there would be no hunger in Africa, because there's plenty of worldwide grain capacity these days. It's absurd to use capacity as a determining element.
- We suggest that there might be a hypocrisy factor at work here. Much capacity to manufacture any product might well be obsolete and inefficient, and require great doses of capital to modernize (just ask domestic steelmakers about that). Yet, other countries might be kept from building modern plants by the amendments, while, presumably, the U.S. could go ahead and build. Won't our trading partners laugh the U.S. delegates right out of the GATT negotiating rooms if these amendments become law?
- Who can tell whether surpluses are temporary or permanent? Are they the result of the overhang from a recent cyclical turndown in a particular industry? Will new capacity be needed during the next upturn? In our view the best regulator of capacity is the marketplace. Any artificial restraint on the market could only create shortages and price fluctuations—and these are hardly a laughing matter.
- Finally, we see the amendments as clearly discriminatory. Developing countries, by definition, are the last to install production capacity for basic commodities. Does the U.S. Senate have the right to shut them out of the industrialization process because others have installed plant and equipment before them? And how can developing countries handle their debt load if they aren't allowed to enter the economic arena?

World trade and American trade policies are serious matters. But too many aspects of the House and Senate trade bills lend themselves to parody and burlesque. We seriously urge the Senators and Representatives who will soon meet in conference to write a final bill which eliminates blatant protectionist measures. The last thing America needs is economic funny business.

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be in a period of cautious consolidation, it seems certain that both the U.S. and Israel will conduct elections in late 1988. That means that the time may be right in 1989 for a push toward regional negotiations between Israel, an independent Palestinian slate (if such a thing can be brought to life), and Jordan, or between Israel and some sort of non-PLO Palestinian-Jordanian delegation. The elections in Israel might be a test of public attitudes toward such negotiations, or toward dealing with the issue in one way or another. With the war in Lebanon over and the economy on a steady keel, Israel might soon be ready to turn its attention to its greatest challenge.

The Beltway crowd should not despair over a right-wing Israeli electoral victory in these circumstances. It was, after all, the right that delivered the peace treaty with Egypt, and strong conservative leadership would help reassure a nation about to gamble with its security. From the U.S.'s own point of view, 1989 and 1990 is the time a new administration in Washington can act with the most independence, without worrying about an upcoming election.

All this is a most optimistic assessment. In the Middle East, as we have learned on countless occasions, things can go wrong in unexpectedly nasty ways. But Washington can take a number of steps at present to help bolster moderate trends and lay the groundwork for the future. It can support Jordanian efforts to build influence on the West Bank; cast a protective eye over independent Palestinian voices; and work to keep the PLO from expanding its power in Amman, Cairo, and elsewhere. It can pressure King Hussein to enter into direct negotiations with Israel. It can devote more energy to helping halt Egypt's economic decline.

On another level, the U.S. can help Palestinian moderates by hitting the PLO where it really hurts—in their bank accounts. An international effort, spearheaded by the U.S., to pinpoint PLO businesses and money-laundering operations might shake up Chairman Arafat and the fat cats at the top of the terror empire. Exposure of the PLO's vast wealth could lead to the greater disenchantment of their most important constituency, the Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza.

That constituency is a key to the Arab-Israel dilemma. But if Washington is to address Palestinian desires, Israeli fears, and regional animosities in a manner not marked by confusion and erratic policy shifts, it should take a page from Sadat's book and meld long-term vision with short-term pragmatism. It must seek to do today only what realistically can be done today, while guarding against a slide tomorrow into war. The U.S. should combine creativity with patience and set about exploring ways to overcome the fears and hatreds built up over generations. One way might be to create a treaty proposal for a constitutional system binding a demilitarized Palestinian area into an Israel-Palestine-Jordan confederation, a system that somehow wraps the peoples of the region into a working union, yet leaves the final decision on a Palestinian state to a generation of Arabs and Israelis that have not spent their lives wandering in the wilderness of an armed strife. □

Claudia Rosett

CORY'S LAND GRAB

Land reform will not save Philippine democracy.

Manila

The ex-dictator is shacked up in Hawaii. There's a new constitution, a newly elected congress, and the economy is growing for the first time in almost four years. Yet twenty-one months after President Marcos flew away, Philippine democracy has a bad case of the shakes. So President Aquino's government is about to try one of the all-time quack-cures of development. The Philippines is going to have a land reform.

The idea is to weed out a crop of problems that seems to grow more lush with every passing newscast. Since President Aquino took office in February 1986, there have been five military coup attempts—escalating from the bizarre occupation of the Manila Hotel last year to the violent attack this August in which Mrs. Aquino's only son was wounded and more than fifty civilians were killed. The Communist insurgents keep hauling in new recruits, and more than 24,000 guerrillas are now terrorizing the countryside and cruising into the cities to bomb buildings and murder policemen. This summer a cabinet minister was gunned down in the street. Moslem separatists threaten the southern islands. The country owes more than $28 billion abroad, the bureaucrats are still reportedly raking in bribes, and the phone system works as if wired with Imelda's old shoelaces.

Mrs. Aquino has already followed a rash of prescriptions for easing these troubles. Some have been ill-advised.

She offered first a cease-fire, then amnesty, to the Communists. She has been lenient with the rebel soldiers involved in at least the first four coup attempts. On the brighter side, she has turned the Marcos cronies out of their old monopolies, and promised a freer economy, including privatization of many state-held companies—though this has been all too slow in coming. Clearly something more is needed. Thus, in a grandslam bid to promote justice, end rural misery, head off Communist recruitment and so calm the restless Philippine army, the government now plans to delegate to some tens of thousands of bureaucrats the power to chop up the farms.

This won't be the first Philippine land reform. Even Marcos gave this gimmick a whirl, when he signed a decree in 1972 for redistribution of private corn and rice lands. That plan got itself conveniently lost along the way, leaving a great many land titles in limbo. A prior land reform, promised by President Ramon Magsaysay in the 1950s, didn't get far either, because Magsaysay died in a plane crash. But then, it isn't in the nature of land

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reforms to get far. The usual experience, from Latin America to Africa to much of Asia, has been that land reform chews up property rights, scares away investors, and leaves a lot of landless farmworkers with nothing but squatters' rights to a lot of dirt. For some reason, the current supporters of a new Philippine land reform—including U.S. Rep. Stephen Solarz, American professor Roy Prosterman, and Philippine left-wing politician Jaime Tadeo—seem to believe that somehow, this time, land reform might succeed.

To her credit, Mrs. Aquino seems to have had doubts about the virtues of farm redistribution. Last year, when her priorities were in better order, she pushed mainly for a more free market system. This year, alas, she waffled her way into the land reform camp. The change of heart began back in January when twelve land reform demonstrators were shot to death by government guards during a march on Malacañang, the presidential palace. After that, land reform became the fashionable cause in Manila, billed by many as a crucial test of Mrs. Aquino's resolve. Land reform enthusiasts urged her to sign a sweeping decree before handing over her special law-making powers to the elected congress, due to convene on July 27.

The fear was that if Mrs. Aquino didn't act, the landowner-dominated congress would balk at land reform. Here the president was particularly vulnerable, because her family owns a 15,000-acre sugar plantation, Hacienda Luisita, in central Luzon. Mrs. Aquino's critics charged that she was putting her personal interests above her political obligations. Almost no one seemed to consider that the president's reluctance might stem from sheer good sense—even though Mrs. Aquino kept saying she wanted a land reform program only if it would actually work.

On July 22, just five days before the new congress convened, Mrs. Aquino gave in and signed a decree requiring a broad-ranging land reform. She left it to the new legislators to work out the details. But landowners now have no doubt that they are threatened. While the congress haggles, investment decisions and rural development hang fire. And the Communist New People's Army grows.

As of mid-September, no final program had emerged. But the likely shape of the reform seemed clear. The Philippine government proposes to spend $2.9 billion (or about 10 percent of annual GNP) over the next few years to fund the redistribution of at least several million acres of land. The first target will be the country's roughly 1.4 million acres of privately held corn and rice farms, originally slated for redistribution under Marcos. These properties will be "sold" to the government under duress, at prices set by the government. The plots will then be broken up and resold at state-subsidized prices, on long-term installment plans, to the tenant farmers and laborers who currently work the land. The same process might then be repeated for about 6 million acres of land that is government-owned, abandoned, or has been seized from Marcos cronies. The country's estimated 5.3 million acres of private plantations would be next on the list. All new landholdings would probably be limited by law to no more than about seventeen acres.

Even Marcos gave this gimmick a whirl, when he signed a decree in 1972 for redistribution of private corn and rice lands.

Buried in here are a few good ideas, though they might not survive the main drawbacks of the reform. Selling off state lands is a fine policy. And establishing who actually holds title to the properties scrambled up by the Marcos reform would straighten out a property market that's currently too confused to be remotely efficient.

But the bulk of the land reform could end up like the seedier scenes of *Gone with the Wind*—with the peasants playing the role of the dirt. There's the immediate question of how much of the $2.9 billion in proposed funding would ever make it past the grimy interiors of the Department of Agrarian Reform and related bastions of decision-making in Manila. There's also the problem of how the bureaucracy would decide who gets what. The farm sector accounts for about one-quarter of the Philippines' GNP. Anyone with discretionary power to dish out farmland in bite-size pieces would face plenty of temptation to play favorites—for a price. Experience in the Philippines suggests this is a temptation best kept to a minimum.

Assuming—logic notwithstanding—that the land gets neatly sliced up and titles actually get doled out, there are further problems. Few of the new landowners would have capital enough for the necessary seed, fertilizer, and equipment. Here, say Philippine government officials, the state will help out with easy credit. Once again, we get back to government clerks ladling out money, alongside the clerks who will be busy collecting the installment payments due the state.

There's more. For some crops, economies of scale will be lost if the proposed 17-acre limit on property size becomes law. One well-informed Philippine state official, talking about the proposed redistribution, says: "We expect the number of unprofitable operations will triple." Farmworkers who get their own land will find it hard to resell, because only those who own very little land to begin with will be allowed to buy. This amounts to a watered-down version of serfdom, since the only way for most farmers to leave for the big city will be if they simply abandon their land. For a country that's supposed to be trying to phase out the more medieval legacies of Marcos, that seems an odd way to treat the rural population.

Then there's the problem of property rights. Any program that forces landowners into "selling" their farms amounts to expropriation. Gross disregard of the rights of private ownership won't much help the Philippines attract the investor's capital it desperately needs—and for which Mrs. Aquino has been campaigning since she took office. Also, while land reform may be popular among left-wing politicians, it has raised nasty rumblings from those whose property would be stolen. On the southern island of Mindanao, for example, some landowners have threatened to join forces with the Moslem separatists should the government try to seize their property.

While land reform enthusiasts say that redistribution will soothe the restive peasants, almost no one expects that the rural poor will emerge from this exercise with a higher standard of living. One of the reform's architects, Philippine economist Mahar Mangahas, says simply that the economic result "doesn't matter." What he wants to do is "break up the power structure" in the countryside. A government official who has worked on the draft program agrees that productivity will go down, but at least "social justice will be served." Tadeo, the left-wing politician who helped organize the January protest in which people got shot, raises the most disturbing specter of all. Wearing a T-shirt emblazoned with the slogan "Farms Not Arms," Tadeo said in an interview in April that for land reform to work, "maybe we have to learn from Cuba, China, Nicaragua." That the whole idea of land reform is—presumably—to spare the Philippines from the fate of these unhappy countries does not seem to figure in Tadeo's plans.

Nor does it seem to stop the more frenzied land reformers who come calling from abroad. America's Representative Solarz wants the U.S. government to help pay for the dismemberment of the Philippine farm sector—until recently one of the few areas in which the country's economy was growing. U.S. funding has also been urged by Prosterman, a veteran consultant of the Vietnam and El Salvador land reform fiascoes—and a man who continues to seek vindication for his love of the reforms that betrayed him. In one of the most recent cases, in El Salvador, some of the peasant "beneficiaries" ended up petitioning the government to bring back the original plantation owners.

Like many of his fellow devotees, Prosterman likes to point to Taiwan and South Korea as examples of countries that made land reform work. What he tends to leave out is that these

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are just about the only two successes to be found in the whole, wide, redistributed Third World. Furthermore, Taiwan and Korea are special cases, unlikely to inspire similar results in the Philippines. For one thing, their redistributions involved, in part, farms that had belonged to Japanese colonial landlords—who were in any event beating a retreat after losing World War II.

In Taiwan, also, land reform doubled as a privatization program that helped revive the industrial economy. Local landowners were compensated with shares in large state companies. While this was going on, the Kuomintang government—bankrupt and fearful of Communist China—was desperately taking a number of decisive measures to free up parts of the economy. Mrs. Aquino has yet to carry through with such moves. Philippine GNP has been growing thanks to the breakup of the Marcos crony monopolies, but further deregulation will be needed to sustain the boom. And while a Taiwan-style swap of state company shares for private land has been proposed to help fund the Philippine land reform, privatization has been mired for the past year in more of the usual government wrangling. Manila businessmen are not optimistic that the situation will come unstuck anytime soon.

But if land reform won't work, there's still no question that some kind of help is needed for the rural poor in the Philippines—who have indeed been brutalized by decades of government mismanagement, corruption, and monopolies. Not least, the new Philippine constitution requires that farmworkers be allowed to enjoy the "just fruits" of their labors. Land reform won't ensure that. Free market reform would.

This would entail getting rid of the high tariffs that still apply on hundreds of imports. It would mean shutting down those branches of the bureaucracy that exist to collect tolls on trade—such as the section that levies a tax on the import of new technology. It would mean breaking up the inter-island shipping monopoly, once held by cronies of Marcos, now held by cronies of Mrs. Aquino's brother, Jose "Peping" Conjuangco. Thanks to this enduring monopoly, Philippine farmers still pay some of the highest freight rates in Asia to ship their produce from outlying islands to the docks of Manila Bay. The benefits of deregulation would be huge and lasting, both for the farmworkers and for the urban poor—who are about to be asked to subsidize the land reform. What's kept the Philippines poor is not that one-fifth of the population owns about 80 percent of the privately held land, but that the government can't keep its hands off business.

Free market measures carry a political disadvantage, of course. It sounds a lot grander to promise a $2.9 billion program to help the poor than it does to tell them they are free to help themselves. But if it's policy pyrotechnics Mrs. Aquino needs to win over the countryside right now, there's at least one possibility that comes to mind. The appropriate T-shirt slogan might be "Farms *And* Arms."

The idea involves a simple swap of privileges. To wit:

Next year the leases on the U.S. military facilities at Clark Air Field and Subic Bay in the Philippines come up for review, and in four years they're due to expire. These bases are crucial to U.S. defense strategy in the Pacific, where a major Soviet naval buildup is now underway. Currently there's a debate in the Philippines over whether the leases should be renewed. (Manila's politicians seem to have forgotten not only the history of land reform, but the events of World War II.)

Meanwhile, the U.S. is engaging in similarly ungracious behavior. The Philippines today gets only restricted access to a number of U.S. markets—notably in sugar, but also for goods ranging from fruits to textiles to shoes. In sugar, for example, America restricts its imports under a quota system, to keep up the high prices paid to domestic sugar producers. It's one of the more embarrassing aspects of U.S. policy that sugar plantation workers go hungry today in the allied, struggling democracy of the Philippines, while American consumers pay several times the world sugar price so that the American producers can go on basking in the shade of their government-enforced cartel.

You don't have to work for Salomon Brothers to see that there's a deal waiting to be made. Mrs. Aquino, or Representative Solarz for that matter, could propose that the Philippines offer new leases for Clark and Subic in exchange for completely free access to U.S. markets. The next move would be to urge the Philippine congress to inflict the tamest land reform possible, so that the Philippines could produce something to sell. American consumers would live better. Even more to the point, Philippine farmworkers would be better off, and democracy would have a chance to put down some roots. That, after all, is the perfectly worthy object of this otherwise ridiculous land reform. □

Twenty years ago they condemned America's democracy as a sham and dismissed its enemies as figments of cold war paranoia. Today they recognize that America's enemies are real and that America's democracy must be defended.

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Bruce Cameron, former Legislative Director, Americans for Democratic Action.

Arturo Cruz, Jr., former Washington representative of the Sandinista Party and Chief Advisor of the Sandinista Ministeries of Economic Planning and Foreign Affairs.

Nathan Glazer, Professor, Harvard University.

David Hawk, during the 1960s active in the National Student Association, Vietnam Moratorium Committee, and the Dump Johnson Movement.

Jeff Herf, former leader in Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), University of Wisconsin, Madison.

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Hilton Kramer, Editor, *The New Criterion*.

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Robert Leiken, author, scholar, and political commentator at the Center for International Affairs, Harvard.

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Glenn Loury, PhD, author, political commentator, and professor, John F. Kennedy School of Government, Harvard University.

Scott McConnell, former anti-war activist, and a reporter for the radical Dispatch News Service.

Michael Medved, film critic, bestselling author, and co-host of "*Sneak Previews*." Former Chairman, Vietnam Moratorium of Connecticut.

Joshua Muravchik, former chairman, Young People's Socialist League.

Michael Novak, Director, Social and Political Studies, American Enterprise Institute.

Richard Neuhaus, activist in the civil rights movement, and founding member of Clergy and Laity Concerned.

P.J. O'Rourke, humorist, and Foreign Correspondent for *Rolling Stone* Magazine.

Marty Peretz, Editor-in-Chief, *The New Republic*.

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Ron Radosh, former Editor of *Studies on the Left* and *Marxist Perspectives*. Member of the Independence Committee to End the War in Vietnam.

Barry Rubin, Fellow at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies. Former Foreign Editor of *The Guardian*.

Stephen Schwartz, founder, the Young Communist League, and former member of the revolutionary Fomento Obrero Revolutionario (FOR) in Spain.

Doan Van Toai, former anti-war activist as Vice President of the Saigon Students Association.

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Marin Strmecki

THE STINGER FINDS A HOME

Bill Casey's bequest to Afghanistan.

When I traveled with the resistance into Afghanistan in the spring of 1985,[1] the mujahedeen reiterated at virtually every step that if America sent them missiles to shoot down Soviet jets and helicopters, they could march all the way to Moscow. In the fall of 1986, the United States delivered the first batch of sophisticated Stinger anti-aircraft missiles. While the resistance has not yet opened up offices in the Kremlin, the Stinger missiles have enabled the Afghan guerrillas to wound the Soviets as never before in the eight-year Afghan war.

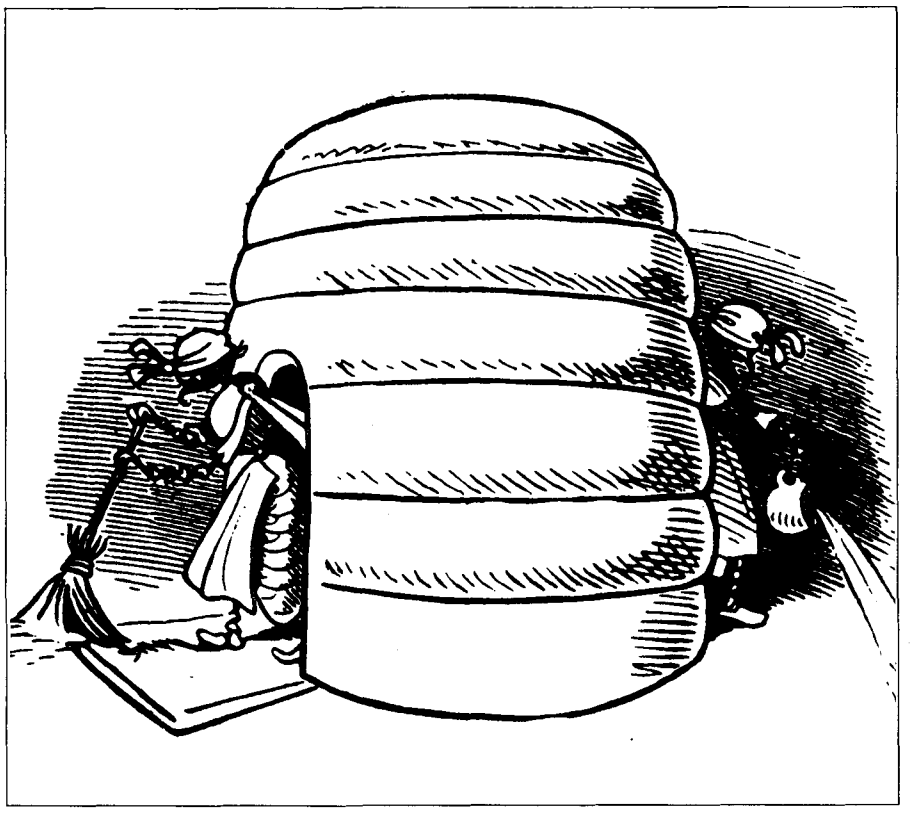
The Soviets themselves have begun to acknowledge the damage. On July 16, in an uncharacteristically candid statement, Deputy Foreign Minister Spokesman Boris Pradyshev conceded to the foreign press in Moscow that "increased military supplies" from the United States—including the Stingers—had given the guerrillas "a short-lived superiority." He added that while countermeasures were being taken, these weapons had created "additional difficulties," leading to greater casualties for the Soviet and Afghan government air forces.

The two major deliveries of Stingers to the Afghans have been widely reported: about 200 were sent to Pakistan in late 1986 and 600 in mid-1987, to be parcelled out to the resistance as the missiles were expended in combat (though as much as a quarter of them may have been diverted into Pakistani armories). Resistance operators say they have scored hits at a remarkable rate of about 60 percent of all Stingers fired. This translates into an average loss of between 475 to 511 Soviet aircraft per year, enough to put the Afghan government air force—which has only about 115 combat aircraft—out of business. Replacing those losses could potentially consume one-third to one-half of the Soviet Union's annual production of combat aircraft.

A Stinger is a 35-pound, shoulder-borne, heat-seeking anti-aircraft missile with a cross-terrain range of three miles and a vertical range of 4,500 meters. Unlike its technologically primitive predecessors, such as the U.S. Redeye and the Soviet SA-7, the Stinger does not need to rely on the intense heat of a jet's rear exhaust to home in on its target; instead, its infra-red sensors can fix on a target from any angle, which means an operator does not have to wait for the enemy aircraft to pass over him and take its best shot before he can fire. And should a bomber slip past, the Stinger's speed—Mach 2.2—enables it to overtake the fleeing quarry.

It is little wonder that the Afghan resistance has agitated on behalf of Stinger shipments since the early years of the war. Their previous air defense weapons—small arms, 12.7mm heavy machine guns, some 14.5mm anti-aircraft guns, and a handful of foreign-made copies of the Soviet SA-7—provided a minimal kind of air defense. High performance aircraft could be shot down by heavy machine guns, but the kill rate was low; and they could not destroy the heavily armored Mi-24 helicopter gunship, the so-called "flying tank" that had wreaked havoc with the resistance since the beginning of the war. The SA-7 could be easily diverted if aircraft dropped aerial flares.

Stingers have also proved decisively superior to the approximately 300 British Blowpipe missiles the resistance has received from Britain and the United States. Whereas the Stinger is a true "fire and forget" weapon—once launched it steers itself—the Blowpipe requires the operator to guide the missile with a radio-relayed thumb control. The latter might work well for Western troops tutored on the home version of Atari's Missile Command, but a typical Afghan, who has no experience in video game parlors, finds it very difficult to use against an almost-invisible target flying at several hundred miles an hour at an altitude of several thousand feet.



On the battlefield, the Stingers have had four significant effects. First, permanent resistance base camps near the front and major logistics centers near the Afghan-Pakistani border are now almost invulnerable. Second, resistance supply caravans are less susceptible to strafing or surprise attack by airborne commandos. Third, resistance forces can mount larger attacks on Soviet positions because the Stingers can stop close-in air support of Soviet ground units. Fourth, Afghan guerrillas can better besiege isolated Soviet and Afghan government garrisons, which can be resupplied only by helicopter.

The Red Army has taken several countermeasures, which have varied widely in effectiveness:

- All air strikes are conducted from much higher altitudes. As a result, fewer Soviet aircraft are shot down, but virtually none of their rockets and bombs hit their targets.
- When Soviet air forces choose to subject an area to saturation bombing, they first release several clusters of high-intensity illumination flares attached to parachutes, hoping their light will confuse the Stinger's infra-red sensor. Though moderately effective, this tactic increases the number of aircraft needed for a mission and warns the resistance of the impending attack.
- When Soviet jets attempt close-in air support of ground units, they try to deceive the Stinger operator. About half a dozen fighter-bombers will circle over the battlefield above the range of the missile. Then another pair of jets will swoop over resistance forces from an unexpected direction in a low-alti-

[1] See my "Road to Kabul," *TAS*, April 1986.

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tude, high-speed bombing run and escape before Stinger teams can redirect their weapons. Again, while this tactic often works, it also increases the complexity of air strikes and therefore reduces the number of sorties run against resistance forces.

•When Soviet helicopters try to attack resistance positions in valleys, they fly at tree-top altitude because the Stinger cannot fire down from mountain tops or along depressed trajectories. This reduces the threat from Stingers, but exposes the helicopters to heavy machine gun fire or even to rocket-propelled grenades.

"The Russians are no longer using helicopters," one resistance general said following a major military operation last July. "Before, they would hover so close above us that our clothes would flap from the wind. They were not afraid to attack because we did not have anything to shoot them down. During this recent operation, I did not see a single helicopter, and heard only one in the distance." Resistance and Western sources confirm that in areas in which guerrilla forces received sufficient supplies of Stingers, even the Mi-24 flying tank has virtually been grounded.

A bureaucratic victory in the United States was an essential precondition for this military victory in Afghanistan. Supporters of the Afghan resistance in the United States had long drawn attention to the need to send effective air defense weapons like the Stinger. But for seven years a coalition of second-level members of the Reagan Administration—not only in the State Department but also in the Department of Defense and the Central Intelligence Agency—succeeded in blunting pressure to provide any weapons beyond heavy machine guns and foreign copies of the obsolete SA-7.

The battle was played out in inter-agency committees. Early on, the issue fell under the jurisdiction of the 208 Committee, an inter-agency task force named after its meeting room in the Old Executive Office Building. Charged with developing U.S. programs for assisting anti-Communist insurgencies (except the contras), 208 was dominated by a coalition, led by Deputy Director of the CIA John McMahon, which opposed providing the Stinger to guerrilla movements.

In early 1986, after a massive letter campaign by the pro-Afghan lobby and pressure from congressional supporters like Senator Gordon Humphrey, Senator Robert Dole, and Representative Charles Wilson (a Texas Democrat), the White House brought the Stinger issue out of room 208. There had even been veiled threats on Capitol Hill that if the Administration failed to act there would be a push to earmark part of the Afghan appropriation to the purchase of Stingers. The cause was further aided when the leader of the UNITA insurgency in Angola, Jonas Savimbi, visited Washington and drew support from an even broader political spectrum to send Stingers to anti-Communist forces, including the mujahedeen.

There were powerful coalitions on both sides of the Stinger issue, though a general split developed in several departments between political appointees who were in favor of sending the Stingers and career bureaucrats who opposed doing so. From interviews with some of the participants, a picture of the arguments each side employed emerges.

Pakistani sensitivity. Opponents of sending Stingers had long argued that leaders in Islamabad wanted to tread a very careful line in supporting the resistance in order not to provoke direct Soviet retaliation against Pakistan. Some suspected that the Pakistanis had entered into tacit agreements with the Soviet Union about what they would and would not do to help the Afghans. By pressing the Stinger issue, the U.S. would be exposing an ally to unwarranted perils.

But it soon became clear that Pakistan did not object. While visiting President Zia ul-Haq in early 1986, Congressman Wilson had asked whether the United States could send the missiles to the Afghans, and Zia had raised no objections. Apparently, before Wilson's meeting with Zia, high-level American officials had never raised the Stinger issue with their Pakistani counterparts.

Terrorist diversion. Anti-Stinger forces argued that some of the missiles might fall into the hands of terrorists, since foreign-supplied weapons move briskly on the Pakistan black market. Some resistance groups, moreover, were purported to sympathize with the ideas of Ayatollah Khomeini. As one opponent put it, "There will not be an airplane or an airport in the civilized world which will be safe."

Pro-Stinger officials countered that plenty of weapons capable of shooting down civilian airliners were available to the world's terrorists, such as the SA-7 which, although less effective than the Stinger, could certainly shoot down a lumbering civilian airliner. In fact, a well-placed heavy machine gun could do the job. In addition, the U.S. could establish strict accounting for the Stingers sent to the Afghans in order to minimize the risk of diversion.

Provoking the Kremlin. Anti-Stinger officials argued that Stinger shipments might spoil the U.N.-sponsored Afghan peace talks and provoke the Soviet Union to supply advanced anti-aircraft missiles to Communist insurgencies in pro-American countries. Or it might lead Gorbachev to cut off the nascent American-Soviet détente.

Pro-Stinger policy-makers responded that the missiles, by raising the costs of the war, would encourage the Kremlin to settle the conflict politically, and perhaps even impel the Soviets at last to take up more seriously divisive regional issues in the U.S.-Soviet relationship.

For seven years a coalition of second-level members of the Reagan Administration succeeded in blunting pressure to provide any weapons beyond heavy machine guns and foreign copies of the obsolete SA-7.

Plausible deniability. Anti-Stinger forces argued that, since American public diplomacy in the Afghan war concentrated almost exclusively on the unmitigated evil of Soviet actions, any visible American support would cast the war as an East-West conflict rather than another cruel consequence of Soviet expansionism. Thus was created the so-called "Ever-Ready line," which forbade the provision of even Ever-Ready batteries since they too were traceable to the United States. With Stingers in Afghanistan, the U.S. role would be undeniable.

Pro-Stinger officials countered that people around the world still recalled that the war began with Moscow. U.S. assistance to the Afghans was a political plus worldwide, as the Pakistanis' continuing support of U.S. policy showed.

U.S. weapons stocks and technological superiority. Anti-Stinger policy-makers in the Pentagon opposed sending the missiles on the grounds that the shipment would deplete our weapons stocks. Also, of the hundreds of Stingers in Afghanistan some would undoubtedly be captured by the Soviets, enabling them to study the technology not only to devise countermeasures but also to improve their own anti-aircraft capabilities.

Pro-Stinger forces pointed out that the missile sent to the resistance—the Stinger Basic—was not the state-of-the-art version; moreover, its technology was already in Soviet hands.

In the end, advice to the President split within each executive department. Congress and conservative organizations weighed in on the side of sending the missiles. Administration sources say that at a critical moment in President Reagan's deliberations, CIA Director William Casey interceded to advise the President to approve the shipments; his intervention was apparently decisive.

While the Stingers have greatly bolstered resistance capabilities and morale, it would be wrong to become complacent. In May 1987, Senator Dennis DeConcini, along with allies in the Pentagon, sought to cut off the resupply of Stingers through an amendment he introduced to the Nunn-Goldwater military reform act. While it did not formally seek to terminate Stinger shipments, it would have had the same effect. The amendment stipulated, in part, that Stingers should not be supplied to the Afghan resistance unless the missiles were stored in "magazines of reinforced concrete, arch-type, and earth-covered whose construction is at least equivalent in strength to the requirements of the Chief of Engineers (Department of the Army) drawings 652-686 through 652-693." Furthermore, the "exterior doors shall be class 5 steel vault doors secured by two-key operated high-security padlock and hasp (mil spec P-43607)." In Afghanistan, not only is there no concrete, reinforced or otherwise, but there is certainly no chance of finding or building a munitions bunker that complies with Army drawings 652-686 through 652-693.

Fortunately, a motion to table the amendment prevailed. But the bureaucratic and congressional opponents of sending more Stingers will almost certainly regroup and try again, probably arguing that the risk of terrorist diversion remains too high to continue the policy.

We must also accept that the Soviet Union will eventually develop countermeasures to the Stinger. Clausewitz aptly wrote that "war is not an exercise of the will directed at inanimate matter" but rather one in which "the will is directed at an animate object that *reacts*." At this point, while Stingers still enjoy superiority in the skies, the United States should think ahead to the next phase of the air war. It should focus on providing long-range mortars and specialized training so that resistance forces can strike major Soviet airbases from a range of five miles, destroying not only runways but also exposed aircraft. That tactic has the potential of dealing a devastating blow to the Soviet presence in Afghanistan. Press leaks from government

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sources indicate that this step will be taken in late 1987, though the range of the specific weapons systems under consideration may be too short to threaten the most important Soviet air bases.

But before that happens, the U.S. must overcome a fundamental problem in its approach to helping not only the Afghans but also the other anti-Communist insurgencies: incremental escalation. Pundits often remark that the war in Afghanistan is the Soviet Union's Vietnam, but it has been the United States which has pursued a policy similar to its tentative, gradually deepening engagement in the 1960s.

It took the U.S. over seven years to summon the nerve to send the Stingers. When it did, it sent a small number—almost a trial sample—and gave the Soviets about six-months warning of the shipment through leaks while the decision was being made. Moreover, there was no commitment to replenishing supplies as the resistance expended the initial shipment, resulting in a prolonged period in early 1987 during which no Stingers were available. It took almost a year after the decision to send Stingers before the U.S. sent a number adequate to establish a continuing flow of about 100 missiles per month to the front. If the Red Army failed to cope with the Stinger, it was not for lack of opportunity.

The contrast to Soviet actions in support of the Communist Vietnamese could not be more stark. When the Kremlin provided surface-to-air missile sites to defend Hanoi and Haiphong and SA-7s to arm units in the field, it did not parcel them out one by one—it shipped them in by the ton. For unlike American policy-makers, the Soviets understand that war cannot be finessed. □

Bohdan Nahaylo

GLASNOST COMES TO AMERICA

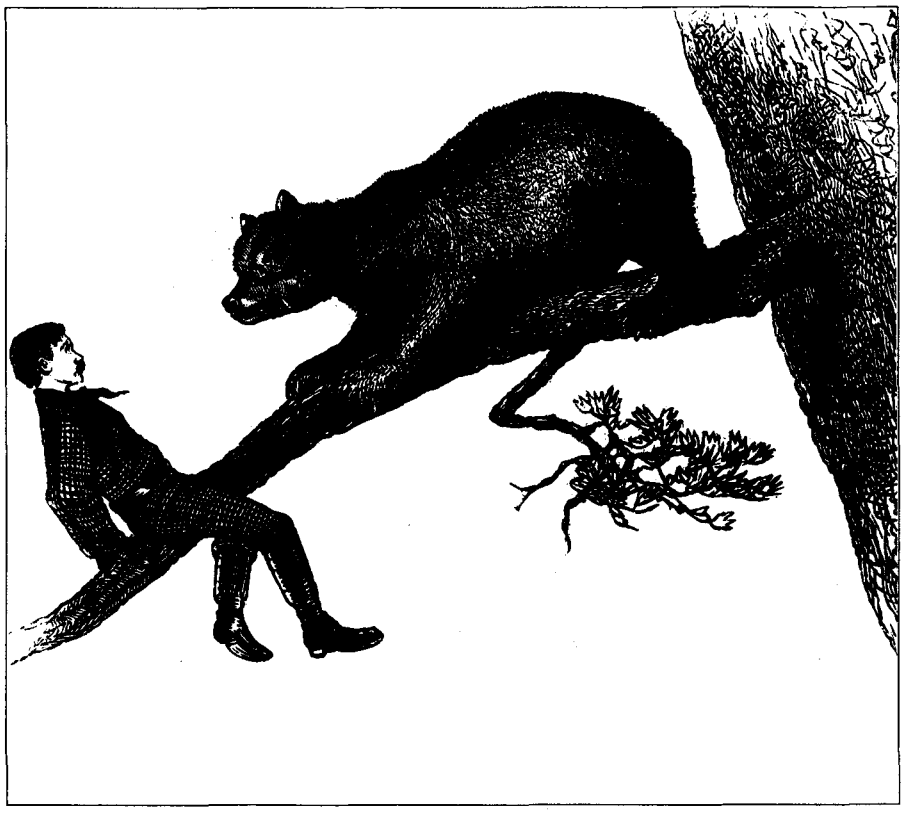
A tempting new export from the Soviet Union.

I confess to some disorientation that first morning in late August when I pulled open the curtains and found a large red Soviet flag flapping outside my hotel room window. Then I remembered. This was all part of the lavish effort by the citizens of Chautauqua in upstate New York to make their numerous Soviet guests feel welcome. The "Russians" were here in force, but by invitation for an important conference on U.S.-Soviet relations—emissaries from the court of Gorbachev the Reformer in one of the bastions of Americana.

As I made my way to the Athenaeum hotel, where the daily press briefings took place, I was mistaken several times for a Soviet visitor. The badges issued to members of the press, it turned out, were very similar to the tags worn by the Soviet guests. Little old ladies pushed greeting cards into my hand or implored me to pose for a photograph. A young girl wanted to hand me flowers. "We're so happy to have you here at last," exclaimed a middle-aged man with an anti-nuclear emblem, giving me a hearty slap on the back. There could be few better places, I thought to myself, for Moscow's representatives to promote Gorbachev, *glasnost*, and the *perestroika* than this charming enclave with its well-to-do and leftish population.

Mercifully, my fears that the Kremlin's new, slick spokesmen would have it too much their own way were soon dispelled. At the opening session, the pride that filled the huge amphitheater as the several-thousand-strong crowd burst into "The Star-Spangled Banner" was a reminder, as some of the Soviet guests later confided, that in this country one can criticize the government's policy toward, say, Nicaragua and still be very much a patriot. And with the first questions put from the floor it became clear that this was going to be an exciting week with no-holds-barred exchanges among the makers of the new Soviet policy of greater openness, U.S. officials (who, to their credit, politely stood their ground), and a receptive if critical audience. For an entire week, *glasnost*, at least the sort reserved for export purposes, was to be closely scrutinized.

This year's conference was the third of its sort. The first, a modest affair, took place in Chautauqua in 1985. Last year's follow-up in Jurmala, in Latvia, turned into something of a sensation. Although the atmosphere was soured by the arrest in Moscow of the American journalist Nicholas Daniloff, both sides were represented by high-ranking officials. The Americans, led by John Matlock, then a special assistant to President Reagan and now the U.S. Ambassador in Moscow, did not mince words. Among other things, to the acute discomfort of their official hosts and the delight of the Latvian public, they reaffirmed that the United States continues not to recognize the Soviet occupation of Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia. The surprisingly frank coverage by the Soviet domestic media made the conference all the more extraordinary. [1]



This time the Kremlin sent one of its largest and most diverse contingents ever to visit the United States. Some 240 Party and government officials, cultural and religious leaders, academics, journalists, and entertainers arrived for a week of lectures, roundtable discussions, seminars, and concerts. From the caliber and accessibility of the more important representatives, it was clear that the Gorbachev leadership viewed the occasion as a splendid opportunity to try out its revamped promotional techniques on the U.S.

The Soviet spokesmen seemed prepared for anything. Questions that only a few years ago would have been rejected as provocations were calmly taken on. Afghanistan, human rights,

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[1]See "Latvia's Chautauqua Circuit," by Ojars Kalnins, in the April 1987 *TAS*.

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the fate of the Baltic states, the aspirations of the East European nations, and other thorny issues came up time and again. The answers may not have been satisfactory and the thinking behind them scarcely new, but at least no topics were considered out of bounds.

Another striking difference was the absence of the obvious KGB types who used to chaperone or guard Soviet delegates and interrupt conversations just as they were getting interesting. For the entire week, all the Soviet representatives, some of the more notable of whom are not usually available to Western journalists, mingled freely with reporters and the public. Most of the visitors stayed with American families; the senior delegates were housed in the grand Athenaeum hotel, which remained open to everyone day or night.

The average age of the Soviet team was noticeably young—probably around forty. Many of the representatives were in their late twenties or early thirties—ambitious and energetic young men and women whose careers have taken off. Most of them, even those in the West for the first time, seemed self-assured, and quite a few spoke very good English. As could be expected of such a carefully selected and privileged group, these younger representatives—tomorrow's Soviet diplomats, spokesmen, and newspaper editors—came across as champions of Gorbachev's "new course." Their supreme confidence in the Soviet future was matched only by their indifference toward some of the blank spots in their country's troubled history, and by their contempt for the far more numerous young Soviets who remain skeptical, politically apathetic, or alienated from official life.

While there was definitely a different Soviet style at Chautauqua, there was no noticeable change in content. On Afghanistan, for instance, the Soviets gave no sign they're ready to budge. The most "constructive" proposal was made by Yevgeny Primakov, the high-powered director of the Institute of World Economy and International Relations who proposed that Washington declare a moratorium on arming the Afghan resistance; in return Moscow would withdraw "more" of its troops. True, Primakov did acknowledge that Moscow had made "mistakes" in its policies toward the East European states, but that was as far as it went. And during the historians' discussion of U.S.-Soviet relations, Prof. Viktor Malkov of Moscow University showed precious little *glasnost*. When discussing the Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939, he simply reiterated the orthodox Soviet explanation: the USSR was forced to come to terms with Nazi Germany because the Western European states had appeased Hitler and were anti-Soviet.

There could be few better places for Moscow's representatives to promote Gorbachev, *glasnost*, and the *perestroika* than this charming enclave with its well-to-do and leftish population.

What, then, were the Soviets after at Chautauqua? Over and over they delivered the same message: We want to be friends with you. Accept us as we are. Give us credit for what we are attempting to do, that is, acknowledge our efforts to carry out a restructuring or *perestroika* ("all Americans should know this Soviet word just as they already know the word *glasnost*") of our social and economic life. We are sincere in our attempts to "democratize" all aspects of Soviet life, but remember, we have a different understanding of what democracy is. We are strengthening not weakening our socialist system, and our Party has no intention of giving up its monopoly of power and permitting genuine pluralism.

The Soviet visitors constantly reminded even the most gullible members of the Chautauqua audience why a healthy dose of skepticism about *glasnost* and its spokesmen is called for. Now that the Brezhnev era has been branded a time of stagnation and oppressiveness, the new refrain from Moscow is that not only is "democratization" needed but so is "humanization." In fact, the latter term has become another new Soviet buzzword. Thus, at Chautauqua, the minister of justice of the Russian Federation, Alexander Sukharev, spoke of the need to "humanize" the Criminal Code; that same afternoon, the vice rector of Moscow University, Vladimir Dobrenkov, was emphasizing how important it is to "humanize" Soviet education.

It was of course encouraging to hear senior Soviet officials give repeated assurances that their country's Criminal Code is being made less repressive. What was disconcerting, however, was to see among these spokesmen people like Samuel Zivs, who, among other things, is the deputy chairman of the Soviet anti-Zionist Committee. Only yesterday under Brezhnev Zivs was denying that there were any human rights abuses whatsoever in the USSR and extolling the virtues of Soviet democracy. When I asked him publicly why we should believe him now, all that this smug time-server could say is that earlier this year he had told Westerners in Vienna that more Jews would be allowed to emigrate, "and you see I was right, wasn't I?" (No doubt Zivs will be one of the first to declare himself a true friend of Israel once Moscow and Tel-Aviv mend their fences.)

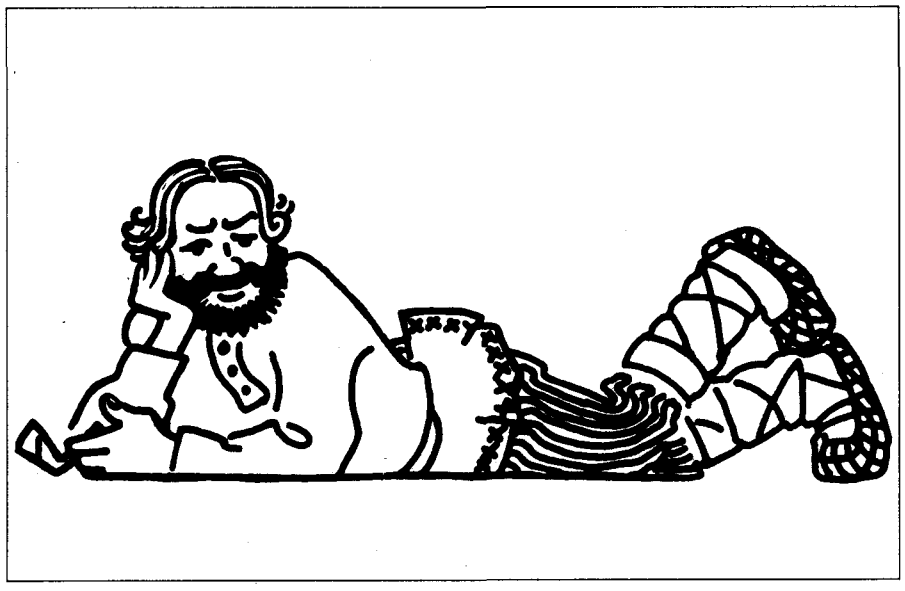
There were also moments when even the most sophisticated Soviet spokesmen were caught out, or simply lost their cool and revealed a less benign side of themselves. For example, the usually dapper Vladimir Pozner stunned his American audience with a shocking tale of press censorship in their country, the details of which he claimed to have personally checked when visiting Cleveland, Ohio. A reporter on the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, he recounted, had been fired for daring to criticize conditions at a nearby nuclear power station whose bosses were on good terms with the paper's owners. To Pozner's acute embarrassment, a journalist got up, announced that he was from the *Plain Dealer*, and offered a different account: It turned out that Pozner's reporter had not only retained his job but also published several critical pieces about the power plant in his paper. Although only minutes before Pozner had quipped, "Whereas in both the United States and the USSR there is no such thing as freedom of the press, the Soviets know it and the Americans don't," Vlad was last seen wiping egg off his face.

Perhaps the most telling instance of how some of the Soviet visitors were eager to exploit Western conventions about free and fair discussion occurred during a panel on human rights. When a young Latvian émigré asked a very good question of a Soviet panelist, the Soviet moderator attempted to deflect it by turning it over to lawyers from the Baltic republics who just happened to be in the audience. When the young man protested, the moderator retorted: "Are we not in a free society? Everybody has the possibility to speak."

The possibility to speak out without fear—this, in a nutshell, is what Moscow would like the West to believe is the essence of *glasnost*. In fact, the Soviet leaders and Soviet press repeatedly point out that *glasnost* is not the same as freedom of expression. At Chautauqua, the Soviet participants confirmed that *glasnost* is strictly a means to an end, not an end in itself.

At a panel on press freedom *Izvestia*'s political observer, Alexander Bovin, who has played an important role in extending the scope of *glasnost*, declared outright, "There never was a free press, it does not exist today, and never will." Why? Because "it is impossible to live in a society and to be free of it. Each one of us has his values which we defend and struggle for. For instance, I am against war and for peace, against capitalism and for socialism, against evil and for good, against falsehood and for truth." In other words, in accordance with the standard Soviet view, all those who write for the press are still first and foremost warriors in the battle of ideas and ideologies. In this light, Bovin's subsequent description of *glasnost* begins to make sense: "At this time," he told the audience, "freedom of the press means for us in practical terms ensuring the maximal effectiveness of the press, so that it serves as a lever for effecting the changes that we are carrying out and helps us to restructure our society. This concrete requirement is for us the main one."

Leonid Dobrokhotov, an official of the Central Committee, stressed that *glasnost* had given all Soviet citizens the right to criticize so long as they were constructive. What he did not dwell on was who decides what is constructive. Indeed, he went out of his way to play



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down the importance of freedom of expression, as in this cynical remark:

> A few years ago when we asked some of our Soviet journalists and writers why their articles and books were so bad, they replied that this was because there was no freedom of self-expression. Now, much has changed in the Soviet Union and the policy of *glasnost* is being pursued. . . . I've been searching in the pages of newspapers and books for those who demanded freedom and said that without it they cannot write. These people aren't around or are writing worse than before.

Later, at a long breakfast with several journalists, Dobrokhotov elaborated on the nature and purpose of *glasnost*. The Brezhnev years, he conceded, had had a "politically deadening" effect on social consciousness. The work ethic had dissipated; people were afraid to show initiative or independence of thought. The youth were especially affected and political apathy among them was especially worrying. *Glasnost* is now essential for restructuring the economy and stopping the rot; it thus stems, Dobrokhotov stressed, not so much from any desire to improve the Soviet Union's image abroad, as from very real domestic exigencies. By encouraging creative thinking, debate, and initiative, *glasnost* is meant to instill greater confidence in the Party leadership and its policies; no more.

But the crucial question, of course, is whether *glasnost* is something that can be turned on or off by whoever is in control in the Kremlin. After all there was *glasnost* of sorts and "democratization," not to mention a cultural thaw, under Nikita Khrushchev. Bovin himself recalled earlier this year in the Soviet journal *New Times* how "my generation and I watched with bewilderment, pain and a disgusting sense of our own impotence," as the hopes raised by the 20th Party Congress and de-Stalinization "seeped through the bureaucratic sand."

Glasnost, too, could take on a life of its own only to end in further repression. Yet for the time being, while Gorbachev is still up against a force-field of resistance from the bureaucracy and a skeptical population, this is a risk that he and his supporters appear willing to take. Dobrokhotov says that the most courageous editors daily probe the uncertain limits of the new tolerance. Genuine differences of opinion on such fundamental issues as Stalin are being voiced in the press, and society seems to be becoming polarized between those who are shocked by what has already happened under Gorbachev and those who are impatient for more radical change.

What is especially noticeable when talking to the younger officials like Dobrokhotov is their confidence that the system can cope with the stresses and strains produced by *glasnost* and the *perestroika*. They simply believe there is no alternative.

They seem, however, to overlook two basic considerations. First, the continuation of *glasnost* is not assured by any institutional safeguards. In a system whose leadership can induce thaws or chills by turning the political thermostat up or down, what is to guarantee that what is acceptable today will not be forbidden again tomorrow, or that today's enlightened Kremlin leader will not soon be denounced as a hare-brained adventurer by his successor?

Second, these younger officials regard Lenin as the main source of their inspiration, and invoke him to justify "democratization" and "humanization." What they gloss over or ignore is that it was Lenin who created and consolidated one-party dictatorship, who wanted more, not less, terror enshrined in the Criminal Code (even after the New Economic Policy had been adopted), and who forbade dissent and factions within the ruling Communist Party itself. It is one thing to criticize Stalin—but genuine *glasnost* will begin the moment Lenin is depicted in the Soviet Union as he really was, not as the legend portrays him.

It was disconcerting to see among these spokesmen people like Samuel Zivs, the deputy chairman of the Soviet anti-Zionist Committee.

The most elevating experience of the week—apart from Senator Bill Bradley's generally excellent speech—was the opportunity to talk at length with the remarkable Tatyana Zaslavskaya, the 60-year-old sociologist from Novosibirsk who was coming out with bold criticism and constructive proposals long before Gorbachev came to power. Her views were considered so radical that as recently as 1983 one of her reports—the so-called Novosibirsk Document—generated considerable excitement when smuggled to the West. (In Chautauqua she confirmed that she was indeed the author of this *samizdat* classic.) Today she is one of the main theoreticians of the *perestroika*, the best evidence yet that there are people close to Gorbachev who are serious about far-reaching reform.

Zaslavskaya believes the Soviets must first face up to how their society is organized. Setting an impressive example of just what needs to be done, she is openly challenging the traditionally prescribed view of the Soviet Union's class structure. In a new book due to appear early next year, she shatters the standard image of Soviet society as consisting of working class, peasantry, and intelligentsia. In fact, she and her co-author have identified no less than seventy-five distinct social groups. They divide these into four general categories, the first of which, significantly, is the Party and state administrative apparatus.

Gorbachev's favorite sociologist is also highly critical of the cumbersome and inefficient collective farm system but argues, not entirely convincingly, that after so many decades of state-run agriculture the "psychological prerequisites" do not exist to make a return to individual farming feasible. Instead, Zaslavskaya says, collective farms should be reorganized into comparatively small and flexible units in which the farmers would have a real material interest in their work, while the state retains ownership of the land. As for the intractable nationalities problem, Zaslavskaya bemoans the fact that this issue has not been adequately discussed in the USSR "for decades," and that even under *glasnost* "probably it is necessary still to learn to talk openly of these things."

And what of the resistance to Gorbachev's new course that one hears so much about? It is "very perceptible," Zaslavskaya confirms, "especially among the governing apparatus, both in the Party and state branches." Resistance comes from all those likely to lose out if Gorbachev is successful: those who have enjoyed a privileged existence without effort, or those who have circumvented the system by relying on the second economy. Listening to her discuss this problem, it becomes clear that about every social group has some reason to feel threatened by the *perestroika* and its emphasis on hard work, efficiency, and stricter discipline. It also becomes clear that for all her personal courage Zaslavskaya has little understanding of economic freedom. She is radical only by Soviet standards.

Which may explain why she feels that Gorbachev has more of a chance to succeed where Khrushchev failed. "Things are different now," Zaslavskaya maintains, "although perhaps not enough has changed yet." For one, the quality of the leadership has improved. "The present leadership is not only intelligent but also more politically rational—this is the difference." Furthermore, she argues, society is more sophisticated these days. "There are no longer the dark masses who could be ruled, whose minds could be controlled: they are thinking people." *Glasnost* and the *perestroika* have "opened the doors" for the "active, energetic people who want to act." "It may be hoped," she adds, "that just as the yeast makes the dough rise, so the activity of these dynamic people will gradually stir this present-day slumbering mass."

The only real sign I saw at Chautauqua that there may indeed be something to Zaslavskaya's optimism came shortly after the human rights panel had ended. Aishe Seitmuratova, an indefatigable Crimean Tatar activist now living in the West, had just drawn attention to the plight of her indomitable nation. Once the session was over, this one-time Soviet political prisoner was surrounded by a dozen or more of the visiting Soviets. Half of them castigated her as "one of theirs" for daring to bring up such a delicate issue in front of an American audience. But the other half took her side. For a full twenty minutes the Soviets argued loudly among themselves. The reproaches to Seitmuratova were interspersed with shouts of "She has every right to speak about the injustices done to her people! Would you act any differently if your nation had been treated like the Crimean Tatars?" As I stood there relishing this outburst, my mood was dampened by a Moscow city planner who drew me aside and said bluntly: "What you should know is that the real problem with the Crimean Tatars is that they are all evil. All Tatars are evil!"

But even more disappointing has been the Soviet side's failure to live up to its promises to provide extensive and fair coverage of the Chautauqua conference. Soviet spokesmen gulled the participants at Chautauqua with daily assurances that the proceedings were being transmitted by satellite for use by Soviet television, and were being covered "in full" by the Soviet press. But what little coverage there has been in *Pravda, Izvestia*, and *New Times* has been highly tendentious and obviously censored. True, Soviet television did briefly show Peter Reddaway, the director of the Kennan Institute, saying that meetings such as Chautauqua should not be used to "sentimentalize" U.S.-Soviet relations; yet the lively panel on legal and human rights issues at which Reddaway shone has not been aired on Soviet television or reported in the Soviet press—another useful reminder that Moscow continues to make a clear distinction between the external and internal uses of *glasnost*. □

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REMEMBERING BAYARD RUSTIN

by Midge Decter

Since Bayard Rustin's death last August, many people—some who knew him, some who did not—have attempted publicly to sum up his life and career. This is, of course, no more than the customary response to the loss of an eminence among us. We say: he was born then, educated there, as a young man did this and that, subsequently accomplished this and that, was especially noted for this and that, and in his later years was seen by all, friend and foe alike, to have lived an important life. We say these things and imagine that we have made some proper gesture, paid some proper obeisance to the idea that his absence will be a loss to the human community . . . and then, as we must in any case, move on. If these summings up are given fitting prominence, appear, say, on the front page of the *New York Times* and/or its equivalents in the obituary world, we feel that, however inadequate to the living presence of the person, some kind of justice has been done. He would have been pleased, we say.

How ridiculous. And what is true for every living presence is ten times true for Bayard. The things he set out to do, those he accomplished, those for which he was noted and admired (and reviled) don't begin to scratch the surface of him.

Now here am I, adding these words to all the rest, and doomed like all the rest to fail. What can one say to bring alive on the page a man who was a Quaker without one trace of goodyness; an ex-Communist without one trace of vindictiveness; a Ghandian without one trace of holiness; an ex-con without one trace of self-pity or self-dramatization; a pacifist who sided with the hawks; a passionate advocate of civil rights who wasted little time brooding about racism; a homosexual through whose lips the word "homophobia" was never heard to pass; a singer of songs, a drinker of whiskey, a collector of beautiful objects, a forbidden smoker; and above all, a leader, an organizer, a solemn spokesman, whose highest appetite was for merry mischief? That he was brave, noble, complex, independent? Yes to be sure he was, all these and more, but the *music* is missing.

The first time I met Bayard he was sitting in a makeshift office on 125th Street in Harlem. He was in the midst of organizing what would turn out to be a successful black boycott of the schools in New York City. The civil-rights movement had recently "moved North" from the inspiriting days of sit-ins and freedom marches and was now riding the shaky rails of "de facto" Northern segregation declared to be running parallel to Jim Crow. This man, I knew, had been the real force behind the great March on Washington, and as a good Northern liberal on a leftward swing, I felt timid and pious in his presence. I asked him, timidly and piously, why the schools? How would damaging a system already showing signs of intolerable burden benefit the children who needed it more than ever? And it was not his answer (which would before too many years were out acquire a disastrous echo) but his manner of delivering it that told me from that moment on I would be safe in standing wherever this man stood. He answered me without hesitation, as he was to answer every question on any problem ever put to him, without prologue or maneuver, from a deep, earned clarity, "Because my people need a victory."

(That his people would take that victory and march elsewhere with it—to the brink, in fact, of destroying the school system, and the city, and themselves, he had not foreseen: the nobility of the struggle was still too much with him. When he did see it, he declared, in a famous essay in *Commentary*, that there should be an end to protest and a turn to grown-up politics.)

He always knew his mind, Bayard did. Nor was that first impression ever diluted: one was always safe standing where he stood, though that could, politically as well as intellectually, sometimes be on the edge of a very sharp and narrow precipice. He and I were in the course of time to move rather far apart politically—or rather, I was to move apart from him; Bayard always remained Bayard—but, at least as far as I was concerned, no essentials, nothing to die for, ever came between us. He never stopped believing that the problems of the black community would have to be dealt with through massive government programs and interventions, but he knew that what nowadays passes for "liberalism" on race is condescending and hurtful. He hated the South African government but knew that there could be no settlement in that unhappy country that was not a settlement of blacks and whites together, and he opposed sanctions on the ground that only through ever greater economic strength could the black community in South Africa peacefully and decently acquire political power. Once in Israel we visited a settlement of the Gush Emunim on a barren, rocky hillside overlooking Nablus and listened to the arguments of a fiery-eyed young fanatic who declared that he was living on the ground God Himself had promised to the Jews. When we left, Bayard said to me, "I know these people well because I have known so many like them. They are mad, besotted, and if sticking to their ground means bringing down the whole country, they will do it. Still," he laughed, "if ever I came to live in this country, it is among them I would probably choose to live."

Clarity, then, was one thing he had; gratitude to God was another. I never in twenty-five years heard him utter the word "God," but once I ran into him on what happened to be his sixtieth birthday. He had quite obviously been celebrating for several hours. When I wished him happy birthday, he leaned into my face and whispered conspiratorially, "Baby, sixty is *marvelous*."

So was seventy and so was seventy-five. Indeed, the most vivid memories of Bayard that remain to his friends have to do not with his significant moments in the world of affairs but with his undying, ever-ready gusto. He could make wonderful speeches and stir great throngs, or he could make quiet speeches that brought harmony to rancorous disputations. But what he did best of all had to do with laughter: laugh himself, and be the cause, as Shakespeare would have said, that laughter was in others. He was just shy of seventy when we were together at a conference in Spain. On the return trip he occupied a seat several rows behind mine on the plane and whiled away the hours undermining what he felt was my unwarrantedly oversober bearing by sending scurrilous messages to me through the stewardess and throwing spitballs at my head. You have to understand, I lectured the bewildered stewardess, you are dealing here with a venerable and heroic civil-rights

(continued on page 26)

Midge Decter is executive director of the Committee for the Free World.

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leader and a famous credit to his people. This, I declared, is how the truly venerable behave.

As the 1960s and seventies rolled by, Bayard increasingly lost ground in the so-called civil-rights community. He was, in the days of "burn, baby, burn," too wedded to non-violence, and in the days of black power, too wedded to building coalitions with the rest of America's needy. He was too friendly to the Jews. He was too anti-Communist. He was loyal to the labor movement. He was opposed to black studies. He was opposed to racial quotas. He kept urging his fellow blacks to eschew the self-indulgences of professional victimhood and to behave like serious men after serious power. He exhaled no fire and engaged in no blackmail—and it cost him.

When his seventy-fifth birthday came around and his friends threw him a banquet, he had long since left the company of those whom liberal politicians found it necessary to butter up. Here's who did not make an appearance at the dinner: Governor Cuomo, Mayor Koch, Senator Moynihan. They sent messages via flunkies. Not even the president of the New York City Council was there—he, too, sent a flunky. Such, such, are the rewards of bravery, decency, and honor.

But Bayard's reward in the end was of a kind that all the careless and calculating politicos of this world can never imagine, let alone aspire to. He sang to us that night—he used to sing at the drop of a hat—and he had never sung more beautifully in his life. And as he had on his sixtieth birthday, he whispered to me one of his unforgettable consoling secrets. He said, "Do you know what I want engraved on my tombstone? 'This black man had fun!'"

For the rest of us, things will never be so much fun—or feel so safe, so much to be trusted—again. □

THE PUBLIC POLICY

SECRETS OF THE AIRLINE CRISIS

by Anne Applebaum

Airports had reached the saturation point. Air control technology was on its way to obsolescence. An unexpected air controller shortage created fear and uncertainty. As the sense of emergency heightened, the President addressed the Congress, proclaiming that "years of neglect have permitted the problems of air transportation in America to stack up like aircraft circling a congested airport." Congress took action, establishing a new trust fund to take care of the problems. The country breathed a sigh of relief.

The summer of 1987? Wrong. The spring of 1969. Screaming headlines to the contrary, the air scare has happened before, and the legislative mechanisms originally meant to solve congestion problems are already in place. The most notable of these was the Airport and Airway Trust Fund, earmarked for capital improvements adequate to projected air industry growth. Since its establishment in 1970, revenue from passenger ticket and aviation fuel taxes has been placed directly into the fund, and targeted for projects like airport expansion and new traffic control equipment. Ticket taxes were even increased from 8 percent to 8.5 percent in 1982. But somehow, all of this extra money was never used. In fact, it was never allocated. The trust fund now has a balance of over $9 billion, of which $5.6 billion is surplus. Were it not for new legislation now being rushed through Congress, it would continue to grow.

Anne Applebaum is a reporter-researcher at the New Republic.

No one is so far willing to take full responsibility for the past history of the unspent money. The Federal Aviation Administration says that the surplus arose because Congress simply refused to allocate it. FAA spokesman Robert Donahue claims stiffly, "We efficiently and properly spend all the money appropriated to us." Members of Congress point fingers the other way, noting that the FAA always asked for less money than could have been provided, and was suspiciously content simply to siphon its operating costs off of the fund without devising productive ways to use it. A penalty provision was added to the 1982 version of the aviation act explicitly to prevent this from happening, and insure that the bulk of the fund goes toward new projects. Now, when appropriations from the fund fall below a certain level, the amount of money which goes to these everyday expenses must be cut proportionately. This clause has been in effect for three of the last five years, and House aviation subcommittee chairman Norman Mineta (D-Calif.) has accused the Administration of purposely invoking it, in order to make the federal deficit appear smaller.

Yet while Congress did appropriate less money than provided in three of the last five years, the money was withheld because the FAA could not prove that the bigger projects it was sponsoring were up to standard. Its eleven large-scale programs—known as the major systems acquisitions of the National Air Space Plan (NASPLAN)—were anywhere from one to eight years behind, and were already projected to run $6 billion over budget. Although the technology they require is not unusual or unique, they had run into enough technical difficulties to persuade Congress that further funding would not help them along. The projects, which include new weather radar, air traffic control computers, and improved landing systems, are exactly the air crisis remedies so many are now calling for, and are precisely the type of program the aviation trust fund was set up to support.

But neither was the fault the FAA's alone. National air traffic projects can be—and these were—similar in scale to large Defense Department programs. Delays led to further delays, creating what Jack Lowenstein, who oversees NASPLAN for the FAA, calls a "chicken-and-the-egg phenomenon. There was lots of discussion every year on the technical maturity of projects and whether or not to proceed with them. So the FAA requested less money, and Congress appropriated less than originally planned. But whether it was the technical problems or the lower appropriations which perpetuated the delays—that's unclear even to me." While the FAA could have exercised more oversight, one congressional staffer pointed out that "the FAA is not the Pentagon. It's a tiny agency. It's not necessarily true that they could have moved the projects faster." Why wasn't the money spent, in the meantime, on hiring more safety inspectors or improving controller salaries? Because these were considered FAA operating expenses, and were therefore under the jurisdiction of the congressional penalty clause. So the fund grew larger and larger with every airline ticket purchased.

The saga of the unused aviation fund could be chalked up as another minor government gaffe were it not for the dangerous state of airports and air traffic control systems. The details are by now well known, but the relation of the air scare in the newspapers to past incompetence on the part of the FAA and Capitol Hill has somehow escaped notice. Almost anyone knowledgeable on the subject, from industry spokesmen to Hill staffers, agrees that the current spate of delays and near-misses is mostly attributable to the lack of spending on air industry infrastructure. Delays, for example, can be linked directly to the new "hub-and-spoke" airline connection system (pioneered by People's Express and Newark airport) which puts enormous strains on outdated, overworked hub airports and air traffic control systems, in turn disrupting the entire national system. When it rains in Chicago, planes are delayed first in Atlanta, New York, and Dallas. Then they are late in Greensboro, Green Bay, and Sacramento. They usually never catch up. Theoretically, improvements or additions to O'Hare airport could halt the entire process.

In a similar vein, one congressional staffer asks, "How could near misses *not* be the fault of the control system and the controllers?" The air traffic control system tracks planes, gives them their flight instructions, and (sup-

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posedly) ensures that their paths do not cross. Of course it is difficult to know whether to blame the outdated equipment, which NASPLAN is meant to replace, or the paucity and perhaps insufficient training of the controllers themselves. While the number of air passengers has escalated by 52 percent, the number of controllers has declined by more than 4,000 since the majority were fired in 1981. Those who remain are still plagued by the same bad conditions as those who left—although their salaries could be raised and their training paid for by the aviation trust fund. Again, the penalty clause Congress placed in the aviation appropriation bills prevented the money being spent for this purpose.

One indication of the air industry's desperate need for money is the number of requests for it. Since 1982, there have been more than $10 billion worth of legitimate airport grant applications submitted to the FAA. All were rejected because of lack of funding: the aviation trust fund doesn't cover airports, only air traffic systems. The FAA's Lowenstein asserts that "twelve new airports would need to be built to overcome the [airplane] delay problem," adding that one new airport would cost between $11 and $12 billion. Airport and air traffic repair may be one of the few areas of the economy where an influx of properly spent money—collected directly from consumers—could radically improve the efficiency of an entire industry. Of course not all improvements would have to be made by the federal government. Many states and localities have refused to expand old airports or build new ones (even where local tax money is available) because of the space they require and the noise they create.

The connection between the mismanaged trust fund money and the number of delays and near-misses must also be underlined in light of the many recent calls for re-regulation of the air industry. Rep. Glenn English (D-Oregon), a former deregulation advocate now sponsoring a bill to re-regulate the airlines, says that "In my 12 years in the U.S. House of Representatives, without question that [vote for airline deregulation] is the worst vote I have cast." Other politicians have joined him, especially those from rural areas who claim their districts are now being neglected by the airlines. At least six bills, in addition to English's, calling for all or partial airline re-regulation—restrictions on scheduling, curbs on numbers of flights—have been proposed in the House, accompanied by more in the Senate. Even the Department of Transportation has begun mumbling about "voluntary" and "required" restrictions on scheduling. The calls for an end to deregulation may even be spreading into other industries, since the problems of breaking up government-regulated trucking, railroad, and even telephone monopolies have also caused a backlash among economists and "consumer advocates" alike. Gene Kimmelman of the Consumer Federation of America told the *Congressional Quarterly* in a typical comment: "Maybe we've gone too far with the theory without looking at the practical consequences."

But no matter how enticing the prospect of government-determined schedules and rates, too much demand—not too little regulation—is the primary cause of the present turbulence in the air industry. Airplanes, traditionally the province of a well-heeled elite, have only now become the preferred form of popular transportation. The air industry is booming. Deregulation allowed this to happen, even if it also puts strains on an infrastructure built for a smaller number of consumers and a less prosperous industry. With responsible management of air passenger tax money, these prob-

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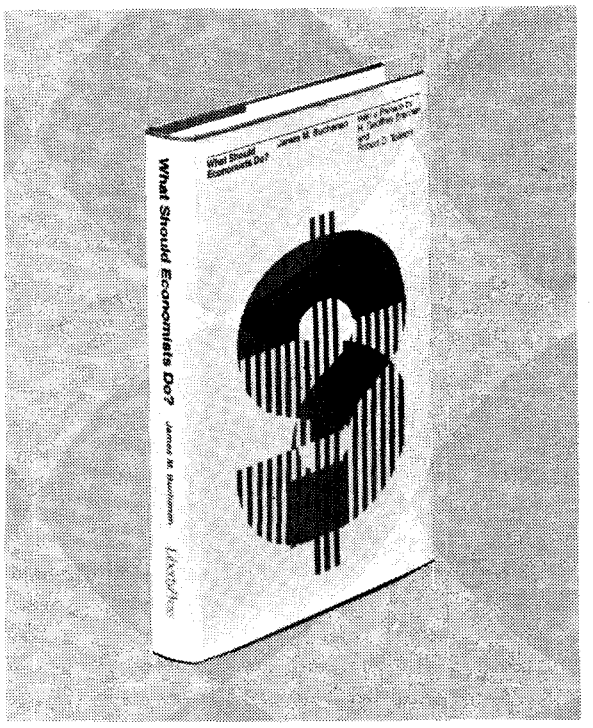

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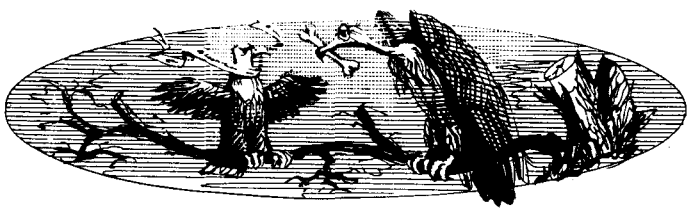
lems could be mitigated: deregulation should not imply an end to all government involvement. Congress can rewrite legislation to insure that money collected is usefully spent on safety inspections and minor improvements if major projects are not ready. States should stop balking at the prospect of new or expanded airports, which can create jobs and improve local commerce, simultaneously paying for themselves and improving air traffic flow nationwide.

Finally, future administrations should not hesitate to impose anti-trust rules where they ought to be imposed. For the greatest threat to the air industry is probably not mid-air collisions, but the mergers and anti-competitive practices which are slowly ending the brief spate of low fares and multiple routes. Since 1981, thirty-eight mergers have left eight carriers in control of 94 percent of the American air business. Individual airlines are now capable of controlling flights in and out of entire cities, a handful are in control of the computerized reservation system, and prices are rising again. This should surprise no one. If the story of the aviation trust fund has any greater importance, it is to prove that larger organizations—like the federal government—are poorly equipped for responsible, consumer-oriented management. □

THE NATION'S PULSE



THE IOWA HUSTINGS NOW

by William Mueller

For the record, I have never voted in an Iowa caucus. In that respect I am representative of 85 percent of eligible voters in my state—a remarkable percentage, considering that the Iowa caucus, held a week before New Hampshire's primary and several weeks before Super Tuesday, has arguably become the most important event in our presidential campaigns.

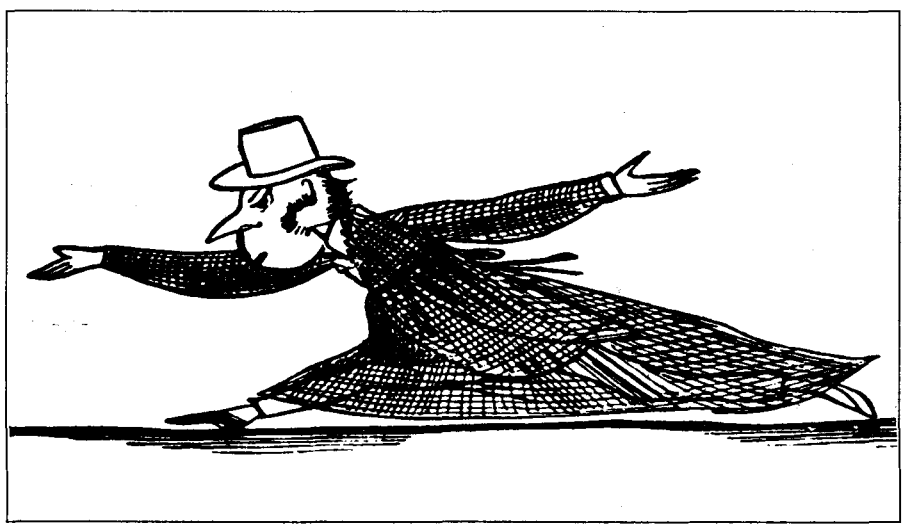
The great majority of Iowans divide into those who know little about the caucus or how they could join with it; and those who do know and so steer away for precisely that reason. Caucus regulars gleefully point out the obstacles placed in the way of attending. In subzero weather, they will be gathering with family, friends, or neighbors. If it is a large group, say over twenty people, participants are asked to stand in appropriate corners for delegates of their choice. If it is a small group, you may rearrange yourself on the couch. The caucus draws attention to the people who attend it, and while nearly every Iowan clearly loves to debate politics in some forum that allows for quick egress, such as a cafe or barber shop, the thought of taking a formal position in a public place is terrifying.

As this little reaffirmation of faith has grown in national significance, tens of thousands of nonresidents have examined the ritual with the disdain of Christian missionaries. Political writers gnash their teeth, half of them wondering if the rustics are up to the responsibility at hand, the others pointing out that the caucuses do not draw typical Iowans and so are some sort of fraud. But what do the pundits want? If all their discussion took place out of earshot of the natives, who would then be allowed to execute their local customs quietly, I certainly wouldn't mind. What is disturbing this time around is that the original point of the Iowa caucus has been lost on the squads, platoons, and divisions of outsiders now using Iowa as their sound stage.

Iowa's rise as a political phenomenon has been relatively recent, beginning in 1972 but not truly manifesting itself until Jimmy Carter exploited the opportunity here in 1976. It was an Iowa political leader, Cliff Larson, who made sure in the '72 campaign that Iowa would keep the first-in-the-nation caucus status, but some credit must go to the media for soliciting caucus results. A very private process in which Iowans determine their delegates became a kind of election. And in this transformation both sides—Iowa on the one hand, and national politics on the other—have struggled to make best use of the caucuses.

The Republican caucus has been most convenient for national campaigns. The Republicans do not produce actual delegates on caucus night, but do so discreetly at some fairly obscure future date. What they do at caucus, which is enough to catch media attention, is conduct an initial straw poll of those attending on their presidential choice. That done, people are free to go or sit and chat. Over at the Democrats', however, a long night of wrangling is ahead before they will even say how many delegates have declared for which candidates. For the caucus to work, as the Democrats see it, serious candidates have to cover every precinct to make sure some of their own will show up in the 2500 living rooms, church basements, school gyms, and civic centers on caucus night. That's the sort of attention the caucuses can promote.

Electronics seems to be aiding the outsiders this year to an unprecedented degree. Richard Gephardt made Iowa political history in April when he hired a satellite uplink truck to follow him throughout a day of campaigning. Not only did he beam a three-minute spot to 700 C-SPAN stations; at 6 p.m. he paused in the study of a Marshalltown couple's home to hold a live Q & A with network anchors. The typical Iowa attitude of holding politics in its place bumps against this reliance on media technology. When Gephardt squared off with Michael Dukakis in a recent Iowa debate, for example, the event was broadcast live in New Hampshire but not here—it took place on Saturday morning, and local stations went with their cartoons. TV also brought us the first ever gathering of First Ladies-to-be on the Democratic side, who aired their views before a largely media audience.



All of this gets planned with less reliance on Iowa people, be they the audience, or local organizers, or loyal rank and file accustomed to grilling candidates. Before his untimely demise, Gary Hart enlisted many Iowans at all levels, which undoubtedly explains why 65 percent of Iowa Democrats supported him. The others, the Seven Dwarfs, have not really made the local contacts necessary for winning delegates across the state. After Hart pulled out, there was a sudden scramble to find local organizers, but perhaps an even more dramatic influx of national people who plan to park out in the wilderness until February. Loreen Gephardt, mother of Dick, now has an apartment in west Des Moines. Paul Simon gave daughter Sheila and future son-in-law Perry Knop the wedding present of a trip to Iowa where he will be talking up Dad while she organizes. Nearly every candidate has banished some family member to Iowa at one time or another; and Al Gore, Sr. has vowed to bring to the state several of his prize beef cattle with which he hopes to snatch a few state fair ribbons.

William Mueller is a writer living in Ely, Iowa.

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(He would be wise to finish back in the pack and let Iowa farmers take home the top prizes.)

Iowa political activists know what the state can do for a candidate. Its size and small population make it easier to cover than New York or California. Campaigns are cheap here, so that candidates can stick within the $750,000 federal allotment. And of course Iowans and Iowa scenes make good copy—real heartland stuff. In exchange, the caucus system asks that candidates shake hands, answer questions of potential caucus-goers, and say just what the hell they stand for.

Here is where part of the criticism on both sides has entered into it: on the one hand the campaigners claim that Iowans ask too much and are spoiled; on the other, Iowans accuse some of the candidates of bypassing people for a thirty-second spot on the national news. Iowans can *make* a candidate out of a hopeful if he is willing to subject to the caucus rites: answer questions, act honest, endure the heat and the events. Candidates here "develop charisma," as former state party chairman Anita Terpstra puts it. This time around, the candidates are relying on their tech weenies to do that for them.

It makes sense that Iowans should expect something in return for what they offer. After Hart withdrew, William Dixon, his campaign manager, appeared before the Association of Secretaries of State meeting in Boston and in a final show of gratitude blasted Iowans and their state: "Today Iowa is . . . the home of many sophisticated, greedy political leaders who know how important it is to get money. And they threaten national political candidates with regularity, with crudeness and with seeming impunity in a quest for political money."

Dixon claimed that Iowa's Democratic leadership tried to extort $50,000 from the Hart coffers, saying they would otherwise destroy him. Names were never revealed, and a check of campaign contributions at the time showed George Bush giving the most to Iowa politicians at $42,000, with Joe Biden leading the way on the Democratic side at $39,700. Not exactly Iranian terrorists, these Iowans. Unfortunately, Iowa House Speaker Don Avenson told a *Washington Post* reporter that he intended to net $50,000 for each of his House candidates; a figure he later admitted was bluster. It's also true that presidential candidates come in handy at myriad state events, from balloon races to local fairs to park picnics. What astonishes, though, is that Iowans do not use the candidates more. After all, this farm state has been in recession since Reagan became President. Those who have tallied up the extra federal lucre the state could squeeze from a successful candidate have come up with figures ranging from a low of $20 million to an optimistic $65 million. When it comes to exploiting candidates, alas, Iowans are bush league.

A more serious case of outside interference involves the News Election Service, a cooperative of network and print journalists who report caucus results to the rest of civilization on caucus night. Evidence surfaced following the 1984 caucuses that NES had failed to report the results of 25 percent of the precinct returns, apparently cutting off tabulations at a time convenient to the national news. So much for the accurate reports of who Iowa will be sending off to national conventions.

This year NES asked the Democrats to make it easier to report on caucus results. Specifically, NES pointed to the Republicans, who conduct a straw poll at the opening of business and pass along that raw body count to NES. Lost in such reasoning, of course, is the main cause of Iowa's political legitimacy: Democrats elect *delegates* on caucus night; Republicans do nothing of the sort. Nonetheless the Democrats have agreed to provide NES with an initial count—"something that happens at all caucuses anyway," according to party spokesman Phil Roeder. "But at the Democratic caucus, if you want to be counted, you will still have to take part in the caucus." It's a point of pride.

Many feel that the Democratic caucus, as awkward as it is, has been extremely valuable to the state party. At caucus, following the initial body count (with people gathering in corners for the candidate of their choice), candidates with less than 15 percent are deemed out of the running. This releases their representatives to go with another candidate. Here's the nitty gritty of a caucus: each group debates the relative merits of joining with it, and unattached delegates learn how to exert their own power. My wife, who has participated in a caucus, found all this to be exciting, if a little unsettling. After all, the people staring at her from across the room were her parents, and over in another corner were neighbors she had known for thirty years. But the point is that in such combat many things can happen, most of them ultimately for the good of the party.

That was the argument made by James Flansburg of the *Des Moines Register* in a recent column defending the Democrats and their caucus. He said it was not coincidental that the big advances made by Democrats in Iowa have come since 1972, when the latest procedure was put into effect. Today the Democrats control both houses of the state legislature, and are strong in the major cities. For Democrats the caucus has been the place to form an underground, to create a network. You may debate with these people vigorously, violently in fact, but you will also remember them when bond issues need passage or someone has to make calls or you need a candidate for an entry level office.

The 1988 election may carry some of the same significance for Republicans that it has had for Democrats in recent years. Vice President Bush, at this writing, is scrambling in Iowa. He has ignored his own strategy of 1980, when he launched a door-to-door campaign and won an early victory that made him the man Ronald Reagan had to beat. His visits to Iowa in 1987, by contrast, have been retreats to idyllic resorts such as Lake Okoboji for meetings with power types and big-

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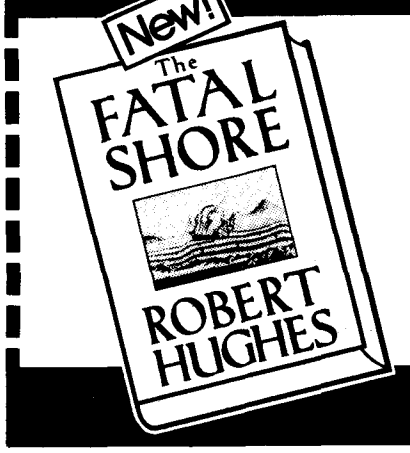

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money guys. Meanwhile, Robert Dole has played to Iowa's sympathy for farmers, touting his Midwestern background with good results. Perhaps most startling has been the emergence of television evangelist Pat Robertson as front-runner of sorts. His campaign reminds some of past campaigns which created new constituencies and new power bases. Christian conservatives have in the past been politically quiet in Iowa. With Robertson's entry, these people have been filling the grass roots positions that are crucial to an Iowa organization.

The seven Democratic candidates running today have yet to show anything like Robertson's savvy. They are trying to operate two campaigns, and not doing well with either. They do meet with small groups, but they are also using the rallies and public events almost exclusively to communicate with the national audience. I attended one such event, a fundraiser for a local politician on whose farm the rally was being staged. There was a surreal, laboratory quality to the afternoon, a blending of Iowa culture and national hype. The setting was the 130-year-old Tabor farm. Eric Tabor, who is running for the U.S. House of Representatives, had an old hay wagon pulled beneath a massive cottonwood at the edge of the lawn. There were ranks of folding chairs borrowed from local churches, including the one where his wife preaches. Out back neighbors were shucking and boiling corn. Back among the peonies was a slightly out of place swimming pool where more than the usual number of kids splashed. Tents were set down among the fruit trees and long tables were spread with a mixture of catered and covered dishes—local custom meeting standard P.R. Two women in black formal wear with tiny purses laying in tandem against their boney hips stared openly at the assemblage of Iowans—who were not all Iowans, as you found out by moving among them.

A pair from Connecticut were here because back home they would never see a national politician. And nearly every local activist seemed to have come from somewhere: Oklahoma, Kentucky, California, and upstate New York. Some rustics. As speakers climbed aboard the hayrack to deliver their messages directly beneath a sagging satchel of tent worms in the cottonwood, a dozen cameras soaked up images and impressions for various audiences, few of them Iowan. On the dusty drive organizers rushed here and there, shepherding candidates and arranging sessions for press photographers who glanced about for appropriately symbolic backdrops that matched available depth of field: Biden mugs with a terribly crippled young man in a wheelchair; Jackson and Senator Tom Harkin pose beside a farm fence plastered with the names of candidates; Kitty Dukakis explains yet again about her diet pill problem; Paul Simon zigs and zags through the crowd with camera and aides staggering behind.

It is warm, but the Iowa drought has been stopped by a rain the night before and the many farmers in the audience are more expansive, more able to concentrate on what they are hearing. But the afternoon wears on, and the hostess keeps promising that we will soon be able to chow down after only a few more speeches. Harkin takes the offering. Jackson delivers the sermon. The Iowans, used to Sunday service, rise to leave—but no, Gephardt has to come on yet; and a surly group relocate their seats or stand cross-armed at the margins, eager to get in line for some food. After all, these are only politicians, and everyone knows that when sweet corn is ready, it's ready.

"I don't know who I'm going to vote for," a man tells me in the beer line. "I'm a Republican myself, but I'm wearing this Biden button just in case." □

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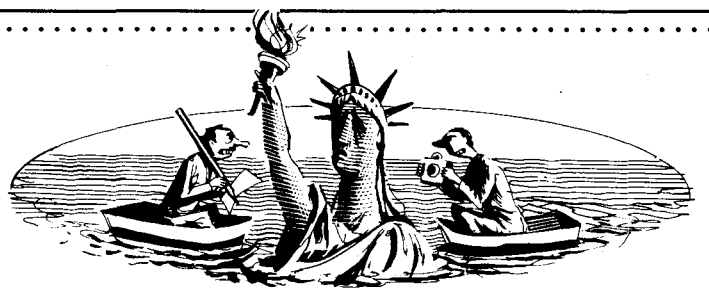

DISTORTIONS, OMISSIONS, LIES

by Michael Ledeen

Is there such a thing as a life cycle of a newspaper? Can one measure its vital signs and diagnose symptoms of a possibly fatal disease? There are questions that are routinely asked about such evanescent things as civilizations, societies, and nations; why not newspapers (which certainly exist, while "civilizations" are much more problematic)? I believe that the *Washington Post* is now in a period of sharp decline, for it has abandoned the traditional task of a newspaper—providing its readers with the basic facts about the world—in favor of attempting to shape its readers political opinions. To see how this works in practice, compare the way the *New York Times* and the *Post* covered the same story—the evolution of the American government's Persian Gulf policy. It's a good example, I think, because the journalists in question are all first class. The differences in the stories reflect the nature of the publications, not just the quality of the individual journalists.

Oddly, for a story that clearly required a good deal of research, both papers carried it on the front page on the same day: Sunday, August 23. The *Post* story was written by David Ignatius; the *Times* account by Stephen Engelberg and retired Admiral Bernard Trainor, who has embarked upon a second career in journalism. The lead paragraphs indicate the differences between the two newspapers. Ignatius focused on a narrow question which he felt illuminated the policy process:

> When the Reagan administration has embarked on a new foreign policy venture, the president often has signed a document known as a "National Security Decision Directive" outlining the strategy behind the policy.
>
> But this bit of paperwork was not prepared in the case of America's recent military buildup in the Persian Gulf. The reason, officials say, was simple: Nobody thought a formal new interagency study of our gulf policy was necessary. The decision to reflag and escort Kuwaiti tankers had broad support within the administration and didn't require any formal decision directive from the president.

Here is the way Engelberg and Trainor began:

> President Reagan decided in March to protect Kuwait's oil tankers in the Persian Gulf after being told by his senior Cabinet advisers that it could be done without any increase in America's naval forces there . . .
>
> . . . the policy makers considered few alternatives and did not see the move as momentous.
>
> They believed that the Iranians would not attack American targets because plans did not call for a change in the number of United States Navy ships in the gulf.

Interesting, isn't it? For the *Post*, the crucial element is whether the Administration issued a new policy document; for the *Times*, the central fact was that the Administration did not foresee an American naval buildup in the Gulf. This difference in treatment is not a mere accident, depending upon the quality of the individual reporters; it is the difference between a newspaper that considers itself the newspaper of record for educated English-speakers, and one which is a political-action organ (the *Post*, in the event there is any doubt).

Thus, we learn from the *Times* story many things that are not to be found in the *Post*, as for example that Howard Baker did not like the policy, and that "Mr. Baker's feelings became public in June when he declared that the Administration was prepared to consider a joint United States-Soviet operation in the gulf, an idea that had no support among other senior policy makers." This is a real bombshell (Howard Baker floating a personal policy trial balloon, a real lone ranger operation coming from the man who was supposed to restore team playing in the White House), but the *Times* put it well down in a page-long story. The *Times* noted something else that the *Post* missed: "Mr. Weinberger's active role surprised some in the Administration, who noted his reputation for counselling the utmost caution and prudence in use of military force." And the *Times* gave the information necessary to understand why Weinberger did it: the key military leaders, from the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff on down, were similarly inclined.

If there is a weakness to the *Times* story, it is a failure to look deeply into the nature of the policy itself. Our Gulf policy is internally incoherent, for in the name of fighting Iran, we have adopted a policy (guaranteeing the safe shipment of oil in the Gulf) that benefits the Iranians. The *Post* made that point quite clearly. But interestingly, the very weakness of the *Times* account points up the great difference between it and the *Post* once again: the *Times* basically wants its readers to have enough information to form an educated opinion; the *Post* aims to shape the opinion from the very outset, and doesn't care so much about providing the information.

Let's look at another story. On September 9, both papers ran a front-page story on the trip by an American congressional delegation to Krasnoyarsk in the Soviet Union, where a controversial radar base has been built. American intelligence experts had identified Krasnoyarsk as a violation of the ABM treaty, since it was aimed in a direction to detect incoming ballistic missiles. The *Post* headline: "Soviet Radar Not a Missile Defense, Guests Say." The *Times*: "Soviet Radar on Display." The *Post* lead:

> Three Democratic members of Congress, returning from an unprecedented visit to a controversial Soviet radar facility, yesterday challenged claims by some Reagan administration officials that the facility is designed—in violation of the 1972 Antiballistic Missile Treaty—to help defend against a ballistic missile attack.
>
> Reps. Thomas J. Downey, Jim Moody, and Bob Carr . . . said at a news conference here [the story has no dateline!] that the radar appeared to be designed only to warn of a ballistic missile attack [I know it's incoherent, but that's what it says!].

The *Times*:

> Although possibly providing new ammunition for those who charge it with treaty violations, the Soviet Union has taken the surprising step of opening a disputed top-

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Michael Ledeen is senior fellow in international affairs at the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Washington, D.C.

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secret radar installation to Western inspection to show its willingness for an East-West accord at a critical time in arms control . . .

The fact of the matter is that the visit confirmed what had been known for some time: the radar base is in violation of the treaty. And the *Post* editorialists, evidently concerned about the incredibly misleading headline and lead of the story, laid it out two days later:

> The Kremlin is in violation. Rep. Tom Downey (and his congressional colleagues) and House Armed Services staffer Anthony Battista confirm that the facility, once completed, is meant to serve one or another phase of missile defense.

And the *Post* editorialists went on to make an important point:

> . . . it makes glasnost not the servant of treaty compliance but a substitute for treaty compliance. Krasnoyarsk is no less a violation for being acknowledged, finally, by Moscow. What presents itself here is not something that needs to be resolved by the two parties but something that needs to be ended by one party. The radar should be dismantled.

But to return to my original question about the life cycle of a newspaper: it's a bad sign for the health of the publication when a front-page news story has to be corrected on the editorial page. It should have been corrected on the front page, where the original disinformation appeared in the first place. Schizophrenia, *Post*-style, is a sign of illness, not evidence of "healthy" internal debate.

The Toshiba Case . . . Kept from Your Eyes

In August, the Japanese magazine *Bungei Shunju* carried an article by a new contributor, Mr. Hitori Kumagai, entitled "These Are the Methods for Illegal Trade With the Soviet Union. Confessions of a Principal in Toshiba Machine Case. COCOM is Powerless in Face of Japanese Trading Firm's Methods. Exclusive Contribution by Professional Smuggler."

How do we know about this (not many of us are regular readers of *Bungei Shunju*, after all)? Thanks to Senator Jesse Helms, who thoughtfully had an English translation placed in the *Congressional Record*, along with two American articles on the Toshiba affair, one from the *Wall Street Journal*, the other from the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Mr. Kumagai was a Japanese trade representative in Moscow, and he explains the inner workings of the horrendous sale of equipment by Toshiba and Kongsberg (of Norway) that enabled the Soviets to manufacture submarine propellers that are far quieter than anything they could have achieved on their own. Kumagai makes it quite clear that the deal was designed and carried out by the KGB:

> It is a fact well known by all the resident staff members in Moscow that KGB members are taking part in foreign trade as members of the Soviet Trade Corporation. They do not wear their KGB ID cards on their breast, but if one watches their words and actions carefully, they can easily be detected by persons who have been working for many years in Moscow. This is because the objects toward which they show interest are completely removed from those of ordinary business.

Many of the Soviet citizens involved in this deal were KGB officials, and they are named by Kumagai. He then explains the techniques by which illegal shipments go from Japan to the USSR, and deals with some other militarily vital equipment that routinely passes from Japan to the Kremlin, ranging from air conditioners that are needed in Soviet tanks (and that the Soviets themselves cannot manufacture) to anti-rust paper (needed to store weapons), and even refrigerated coffins (to ship bodies back from Afghanistan).

Curiously, the two American stories, although quite long and detailed, do not mention either the KGB or the fact that many ostensibly innocent Western products are desperately needed by the Kremlin for military purposes.

So if you want to know what really happened, who did it, and why, you will have to read the *Congressional Record*. Once again, we cannot get the full story from the American press.

Greeks Bearing Tricks

From time to time I have referred to the fascinating story of *Ethnos*, an Athens newspaper that faithfully presents the Soviet view of the world to Greek readers, and that, according to a well-known Greek journalist named Paul Anastasi (who writes for the *New York Times* and the London *Telegraph*) and others (including the *Economist Foreign Report*) is funded and guided directly by the KGB. *Ethnos* brought suit against the *Economist* earlier this year, failed to convince a British jury of its independence of the Soviet Union's doctrines, and settled out of court. Since then, judging by my first-hand experience with the Greek press, I'd say things have gone from the ridiculous to the hallucinatory.

In a series of articles—well over a dozen by now—beginning late last year and running through the autumn, I have been accused of having spent several months in Greece (a country in which I have never set foot), taken control of the American Embassy in Athens, given orders to the CIA station chief there, launched a massive disinformation campaign against the Papandreou government, organized a tourism boycott against Greece, organized the assassination of a leading trade union figure, and attempted the assassination of Papandreou himself. The three newspapers that have taken the lead in this campaign are *Pondiki* (which, I am told, is the Greek equivalent of the French *Canard Enchaine*), something which is misnamed *Demokratikos Logos*, and, of course, *Ethnos*. The Greek government said it had no information to support any of these "charges," and even the Department of State, normally a paradigm of cowardice in such cases, issued a vehement denial and accused the Greek press of complete indifference to the truth. To no avail; the articles continue.

It seems to me there are two points of interest: first, the degree to which a number of publications in Greece lend themselves to a disinformation campaign based entirely on fantasy. The general rule of disinformation is that there is supposed to be at least some kernel of truth at the heart of the cloud of deception; in this case we have only lies. The second point is that, although many American newspapers have stringers in Greece, no one has seen fit to report this seizure of journalistic madness. Yet an account of this campaign would greatly help American readers understand the political atmosphere in Greece, and the extent to which pro-Soviet, anti-American publications, totally out of touch with reality, influence the national debate. Two years ago, in a chapter written for a Hoover Institution volume on disinformation, I said that the "Greek case exposes the KGB at its most arrogant and aggressive, generally not even bothering to carefully hide its own direct involvement in the internal affairs of Greece." I was referring to the *Ethnos* case, where the role of the KGB was evident. I don't know where the other publications got the idea for the stories—in tandem with *Ethnos*'s own accounts. What *is* clear is the degree to which total irresponsibility characterizes much of Greek journalism, and, alas, political discourse in that country. □

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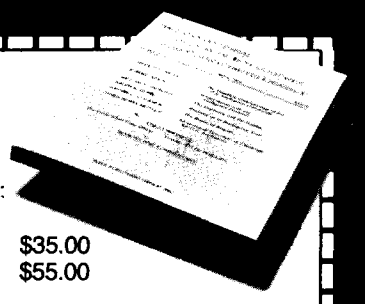

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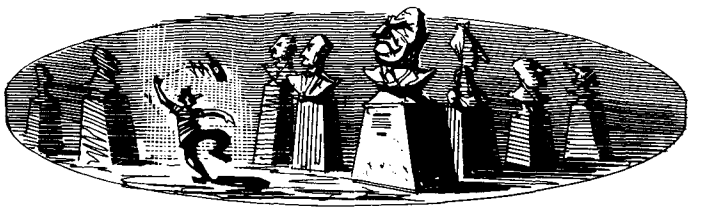

THE DU PONT REVOLUTION

by Gordon Jackson

If ideas are the stuff of political revolutions, then which of the Republican presidential candidates is best equipped to rekindle the Reagan Revolution? Pete du Pont hasn't any doubt that he's the one.

He is utterly promiscuous with ideas. Name the problem, and he's got a program to remedy it. And he is not especially concerned to match his prescriptions with receptive forums. He travels regularly to Iowa to tell farmers they should be weaned off of subsidies. He informs the Ripon Society that they aren't in the mainstream of anything. He announces to a gathering of the Conservative Political Action Conference that South African sanctions are a good idea that's working just fine. Such conspicuous confrontation may be nothing more than tactical maneuvering, reminiscent of John Anderson courageously advocating gun control before the National Rifle Association while television cameras broadcast the show to millions, but it is also obvious that du Pont genuinely enjoys the interplay of competing viewpoints.

He sees himself running from roughly the same place as Jack Kemp—the man he considers the next-best bet to hold the White House for Republicans. Du Pont would have himself cast as a candidate of substance, a supply-sider, and a populist conservative trying to marshal a constituency against established interests. Like Kemp, he wants to solidify a base of Reaganite conservatives before conquering the rest of the land.

Since du Pont is something of a road-to-Damascus case, having been the quintessential Rockefeller Republican as a congressman in the early to mid-seventies, movement conservatives, who regard ideas as their province, naturally view him with some suspicion. Few of them are entirely certain that this pin-striped patrician is really a grunt in the Reagan Revolution. But du Pont is taking his case directly to them with an extensive list of issues and clear-cut positions.

He is especially reassuring to Reaganites on economic matters. There are only two candidates in Christendom who can be counted on to defend the Reagan tax revolution from the inside-the-Beltway coalition of Keynesianism and Stockmanomics—Kemp and du Pont.

Kemp, of course, is the genuine article, the "guru of supply-side economics," as du Pont calls him. But a President du Pont might be as formidable on these issues. He enjoyed phenomenal success as a supply-side governor of Delaware, cutting the income tax 42 percent and turning the state's economic fortunes completely around. And unlike Kemp, Gov. du Pont was diligent in pursuing another mandate of Reaganomics—cutting government spending. He browbeat the Delaware legislature into imposing upon itself a balanced-budget amendment and a super-majority rule requiring a three-fifths vote to raise taxes, both measures he would support at the federal level. Du Pont did have the good fortune to inherit a state on hard times that was ready for major changes, but his eight-year tenure as governor is still the closest thing going to a demonstration of textbook Reaganomics.

What's interesting about du Pont's perspective, lending credence to his characterization of himself as a populist, is that he seems to belong to the strain of supply-siders who prefer cutting individual marginal rates to helping established businesses lower the tax costs of capital formation. As scion of one of the nation's most firmly entrenched business families, he might be forgiven an especially keen sensitivity to the needs of big business, but he doesn't hesitate to say that the trade-off in the 1986 tax reform bill of business breaks for lower individual rates is good economics.

The 1987 model du Pont is a down-the-line Reaganite on foreign policy issues as well. He speaks convincingly of national security as government's first priority, regards the Reagan Doctrine as a necessary response to Soviet aggression, and favors early deployment of SDI. When asked how President du Pont would respond to Sam Nunn's attempt to hold SDI hostage to recondite interpretations of the fifteen-year-old ABM treaty, du Pont answered: "I'd ask him to come to the Oval Office, and I'd say, 'Sam, you and I both know that the day we turn the country over to the lawyers is the day it's going down the tubes.'" The comment reflects the combination of confrontational candor and easy affability that by all accounts characterized du Pont's successful dealings with the Delaware legislature.

In foreign policy, though, he confronts some justifiable skepticism. His record in Congress can only be characterized as dovish, considering such votes as: the War Powers Act—for; aid to Vietnam and Cambodia late in the war—against; aid to UNITA—against; prohibition of travel by Americans to nations with which we are at war (aimed at the Jane Fondas and Ramsey Clarks)—against.

It is difficult to gauge the sincerity of du Pont's conversion, but on the evidence of these and several similar votes, it has indeed been a conversion and one of some magnitude. Du Pont doesn't defend his voting record, especially his failure to support Jonas Savimbi's UNITA. He says simply: "Fifteen years ago I cast votes I wouldn't cast today. We all get wiser as we get older."

Many conservatives don't seem terribly skeptical of du Pont's move rightward, but all are reserving some doubts, most especially on social issues. It's hard to say how much a President du Pont would do to further the Reagan goal of arresting moral decline by articulating a core set of values. After all, du Pont comes from a social milieu in which moral values, aside from a dash of rugged individualism, are rather regarded as opiate for the masses. He was not, to say the least, reared in the revival tent, and trying to make common cause with the sort of populist social conservatives that make up a large part of the Reagan constituency has required the suppression of his natural instincts.

It's not so much that du Pont is a blueblood—just more comfortable

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talking the language of brisk corporate efficiency or hockey fans' banter than sermonizing about the unraveling of the social fabric. He doesn't like to talk about values, beyond an occasional paean to discipline or self-reliance—something that wouldn't get laughed out of the locker room of his cherished Philadelphia Flyers. In this regard, he can take a lesson from ex-jock Kemp, whose upbringing in California and the AFL certainly didn't reinforce conspicuous displays of piety. Like du Pont, Kemp prefers the rhetoric of opportunity and economic growth, but he can be comfortable appealing to social conservatives in their own language because he has traveled the intellectual distance necessary to meet them on common ground. He knows that economic prosperity depends on a sound moral base.

Du Pont has a bit of a political problem, as well as an intellectual one, in enlisting the support of the religious right. As the candidate most genuinely interested in paring back government, he is drawing significant libertarian support including many proponents of the view that government should have no concern with moral decisions. To adopt Moral Majority rhetoric would put at risk the allegiance of this core group of supporters.

Not that du Pont isn't working hard to find common ground with social conservatives. His position on abortion is illustrative of a movement rightward on social issues that has thus far fallen only a tad short of Reaganism. He supports the Hatch Amendment, which would return the disposition of abortion to the states; he does not support the Helms Amendment, which would make abortion constitutionally illegal. His approach to school prayer, criminal rights, busing, affirmative action, and the like is similarly what might be called an above-the-fray federalism: take these questions away from the federal courts and return them to units of government closer and more responsive to the governed.

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On some policy questions the du Pont candidacy is challenging conservatism to define itself more precisely. One such is Social Security reform. Du Pont and Kemp are squaring off in a debate over the program that promises to be one of the most useful and interesting of the electoral season.

Du Pont thinks the system will go bust when the baby boomers hit retirement age and succeeding generations include an insufficient number of workers to support them. His solution is the introduction of financial security accounts—savings accounts that participants can pay into and have their contributions matched by dollar-for-dollar tax credits from the government. Social Security benefits for participants are reduced in the amount of the government contributions, thus reducing the burdens on the system. Everyone opting into the FSA program, however, must still pay the Social Security tax, so revenues coming into the system would remain unchanged. Du Pont thinks this innovation is necessary to allow the system to proceed into the next century without need of a substantial tax increase.

Kemp has actuarial figures reflecting different prospects for Social Security, but his main objection to du Pont's idea is that it would erode intergenerational dependence and place additional burdens on traditional families. The cost of the FSAs (estimated by du Pont at about a $20 billion addition to the deficit in the first year) would, Kemp argues, be borne solely by the baby-boom generation and especially by families, which typically would have to forgo the luxury of FSAs for the necessity of raising children, thus cutting against du Pont's objective of having a large enough worker base to support the baby boomers in retirement.

Du Pont's welfare proposal presents an even more fundamental challenge to conservatism. He advocates a form of workfare—putting most able-bodied welfare recipients to work to earn their payments, including single mothers who would be permitted to deposit their children in government-supported day-care centers. Government would guarantee a job for those who couldn't find one in the private sector. The theory is that such a program would make welfare less attractive and inculcate greater discipline and self-reliance in participants.

It would do no such thing, says George Gilder: "By making government the employer of last resort, workfare is a Trojan horse for more intrusive government." Gilder's careful examination of the disastrous CETA program led him to believe that "government just can't create meaningful jobs." The inevitable result of such a program, Gilder argues, is contempt for the working world. It also would mean the long-sought liberal objective of federal day-care is enacted by conservatives. And breaking apart typically fatherless families even further by sending the kids to day-care makes it even less likely that any useful values will be transmitted through the family.

Gilder's is a lonely voice in the pro-family community right now. The American Enterprise Institute recently convened a panel of experts that endorsed workfare as the right's alternative to the current welfare system. The Child and Family Protection Institute's Connaught Marshner contends that pro-family opposition to workfare runs aground on an ethical argument: It is of trifling concern that welfare families are being dispersed into day-care centers when middle-class mothers must send their kids to day-care in order to support the federal welfare system. Gilder's views will get an airing, though, and du Pont must respond to them, and to Kemp's Social Security argument, if he is serious about wearing the pro-family mantle. Du Pont claims to welcome Gilder's critique, and insists: "The important thing is to get the debate going." He seems confident that he will be winning most of the debates.

On at least one issue—major reform of the government's farm subsidy program—du Pont seems to have the stage to himself, much to his credit. He has called for an end to farm commodity payments over five years, with the transition to be softened by direct income-support payments to farmers. So far, this proposal does not seem to be a formula for political suicide in Iowa. Du Pont is finding some farmers violently opposed to it, some for, and some indifferent. He thinks farmers want straight talk and long-term solutions, and he expects to do well in Iowa. Recent preference polls in three Iowa counties saw him place fourth, third, and second (although on September 13, he finished fifth in a straw poll held in Ames, unexpectedly won by Pat Robertson).

Du Pont has only a bare-bones organization thus far—five staffers in Iowa, five in New Hampshire. He only recently hired a press secretary. There is no advisory board, nor any list of eminences supporting his candidacy. But he has spared no expense to avail himself of a full panoply of policy positions. Charles Murray and Anna Kondratas have been among his principal consultants.

Eschewing the froth and focusing on real issues, du Pont is beginning to find his constituency, as he'd hoped, among young conservatives. A recent address to the national organization of College Republicans brought ten standing ovations. The president of the Iowa College Republicans stumps the state for du Pont. A large and enthusiastic group of Dartmouth students works New Hampshire. Five "third generation" conservatives signed a letter saying du Pont is "the one candidate we believe is speaking for young Americans." One of those five, Pat McGuigan, while stopping short of endorsing du Pont, says that of all the candidates du Pont most makes him hear the "call to the banner" he heard Reagan sounding in 1976. There is a strong libertarian strain among du Pont's younger enthusiasts, McGuigan being an exception, and to the extent du Pont succeeds in playing generational politics his candidacy may test the oft-heard hypothesis that the baby-boomers are going to be a fairly solid libertarian voting bloc.

Du Pont says he is having a great deal of fun on the campaign trail, and his contagious enthusiasm would certainly suggest that is the case. The happy warrior of 1987 substantially answers the charge made throughout Delaware in 1984 that the governor was missing a bit of fire in his belly. Strongly encouraged by state Republicans to run for the Senate against Biden, du Pont passed on the race, even though he was given a good chance of winning. He said he'd had quite enough of legislative work, and much preferred the executive side of things.

Executive may be a role for which he is well-suited. Delawareans almost universally acknowledge that he was an effective and well-liked governor. His 71 percent re-election in a state five-to-three Democratic suggests he was doing something right. He is also without question a superb presidential candidate. Candid and engaging with the press, he is running the sort of issue-oriented campaign envisioned in the civics texts.

Du Pont remains a long shot for '88, but ten percent of the vote in Iowa and New Hampshire, leaving him well-positioned for '92, is not an unreasonable goal. Du Pont is on the national political map now, and will probably stay there. □

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THE GREAT AMERICAN SALOON SERIES

A REDNECK INN

by Dave Shiflett

When America bombed Libya, no one in the Vienna Inn rose to speak on behalf of Arab moderates. All eyes were on the television, where Muammar Qaddafi might be displayed, maybe in several pieces. Instead, there was a film clip of a bomb striking its target. The crowd roared. Things in that part of the world were back in order.

There's always something memorable going on at the Inn, which is located in the Washington suburb that bears its name. When a woman exits the bathroom, the men whistle, and likely as not she'll whistle back! No lectures, no lawsuits.

The clientele—carpenters, plumbers, meat-eaters, executives—glows with health. No morphine addicts in the bunch. Their big city counterparts compare badly, right down to their pained expressions, like they just stepped on a nail. The urbanite complexion also has a way of reminding us that the skin is an organ, like a drunk's liver. These are facts of life.

But we came to drink beer, and on one August evening so had half the town. The night flew by. Mike the bartender (and part owner) was working two girls. They hauled beers five to a hand into the crowd. Mike fired mugs up and down the bar. A Bud for a buck. Trading was fierce.

At 8:15, the temperature at barside was 80 degrees, the first beer a cool 55. The 25 degree difference (measured with a thermometer pilfered from the fish tank) led to an outbreak of guzzling such as the world has never seen. Everyone had the fever. Mike filled the mugs with urgency, as if he were reloading muskets at the Alamo. Could he and the girls hold off the horde?

Mike barked. One of the girls began to cry, but didn't break the pace. Five to a hand, into the crowd. Chili dogs on the side—ten to a tray. And a swarm of barflies.

"I don't care much for them books," said one, noting a slender volume on the bar. "All them stories—what do I care? I read the paper, and try to keep up with the news on TV, but those books—Hell."

"What do you do?" he was asked.

"Work for the Smithsonian."

Then there was the story of the jumpsuits. When finally autographed by all four living Presidents, he plans to sell them for $5,000 each. Before departure, the price was up to 10K. Dream or delirium? Who can say?

By 9:15, the place was packed. Ball teams had come in; every member with a raging thirst. There's not an empty seat and every corn and bunion has been stepped on twice. The girls are having a hard time carrying beer through the mob.

"Spill it on 'em," Mike shouts across the bar. "They'll move." The sea parts; the gold gets through.

Meanwhile, the bun steamer is spewing like Chernobyl and the orders are piling up. Ask Mike for a hot dog and he snarls, "I'm sellin' beer tonight." A barmaid finally walks one over, and in a second it's snug in its new home. Some people eat them by the kennelful.

By 9:30 the air temperature is up to 82, with beers coming in 22 degrees cooler. Mike tells a group of table pounders to put a lid on it. Another patron supplies historical perspective.

"I've been coming here for over ten years," he says. "I don't know if it's still the case, but Mike used to have an anniversary night, charging ten cents a beer on the ten year anniversary and so on. Everybody came.

"And I've seen him just get up and close the place. I'm talking about ten o'clock, if he's had enough. You know it's coming because he'll play 'The William Tell Overture' and 'The Star Spangled Banner' on the jukebox. Then he'll clear the place out."

A chant breaks out among the amateur athletes. Mike blows around the side of the bar and delivers a warning. "One more time and you're out." There's no back talk as he returns to his post.

"Hey Mike, how about a Heineken?"

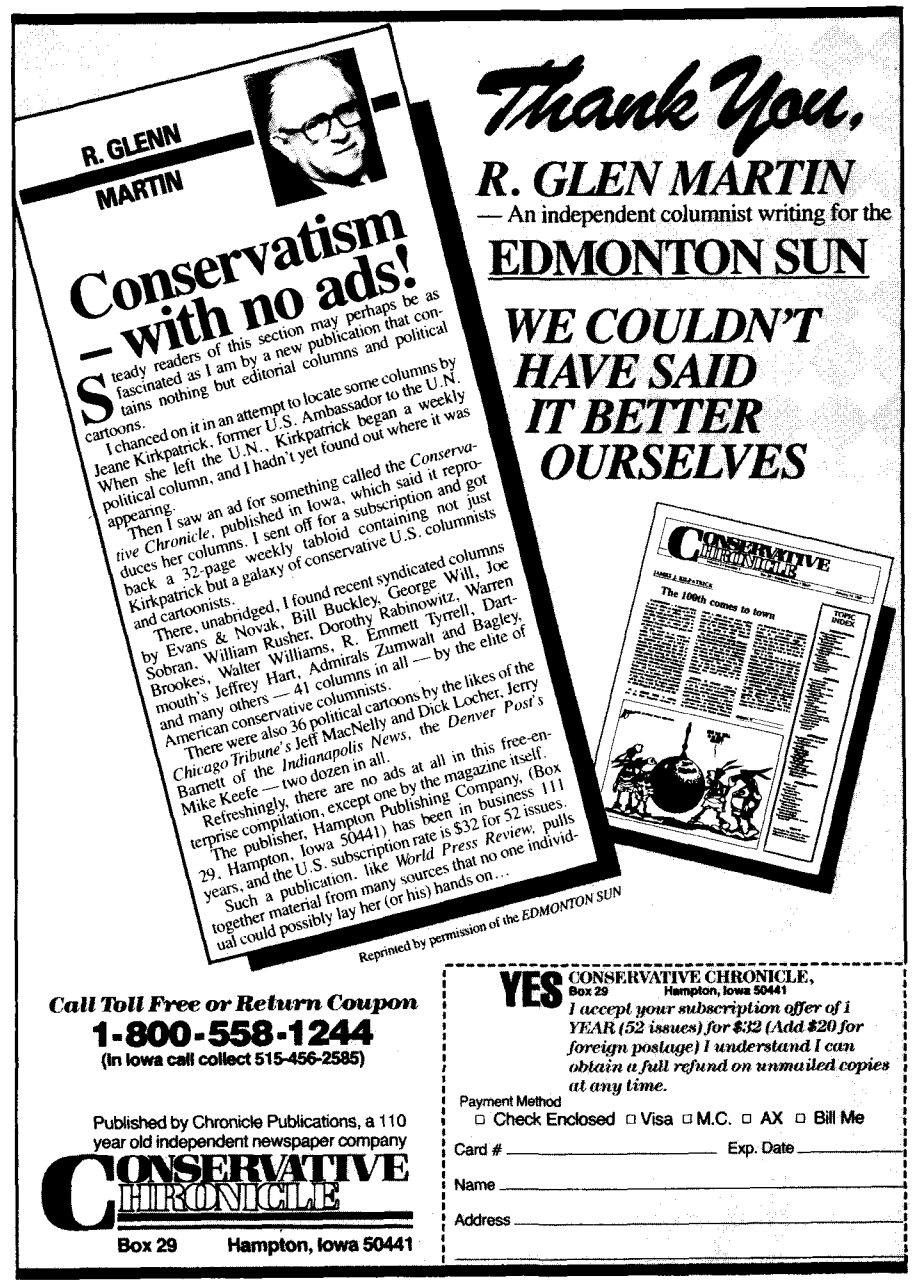
He keeps the imports and wine coolers in a box over the bar. He sends one of the girls climbing. She delivers it without a glass. Air temperature holds at 82, but the Heineken is an elite 46. A couple down the bar orders the fish sticks.

By 9:40 the fever starts to break. The noise decreases as the ballplayers begin drifting back home. The girls wipe the sweat and beer off their hands and have a leisurely smoke. Mike smiles at the one with the earlier tears. She smiles back. They've whipped the horde.

One more beer from the tap. Temperature's fallen to 58 and the atmosphere's dropped a degree or two. The foot rests pleasantly on the particleboard rail. Brass? Ferns? They're all downtown, comforting the afflicted.

A firm handshake from the historian, and it's time to go. By the door a man cradles a sleeping infant in one arm and hoists a mug with the other. A portrait of happiness, a nice memory, a little something extra to take home with you. On the house, of course. □

Dave Shiflett is a writer living in Virginia.


R. GLENN MARTIN
Conservatism — with no ads!
Steady readers of this section may perhaps be as fascinated as I am by a new publication that contains nothing but editorial columns and political cartoons.
I chanced on it in an attempt to locate some columns by Jeane Kirkpatrick, former U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. When she left the U.N., Kirkpatrick began a weekly political column, and I hadn't yet found out where it was appearing.
Then I saw an ad for something called the Conservative Chronicle, published in Iowa, which said it reproduces her columns. I sent off for a subscription and got back a 32-page weekly tabloid containing not just Kirkpatrick but a galaxy of conservative U.S. columnists and cartoonists.
There, unabridged, I found recent syndicated columns by Evans & Novak, Bill Buckley, George Will, Joe Sobran, William Rusher, Dorothy Rabinowitz, Warren Brookes, Walter Williams, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Dartmouth's Jeffrey Hart, Admirals Zumwalt and Bagley, and many others — 41 columns in all — by the elite of American conservative columnists.
There were also 36 political cartoons by the likes of the Chicago Tribune's Jeff MacNelly and Dick Locher, Jerry Barnett of the Indianapolis News, the Denver Post's Mike Keefe — two dozen in all.
Refreshingly, there are no ads at all in this free-enterprise compilation, except one by the magazine itself.
The publisher, Hampton Publishing Company, (Box 29, Hampton, Iowa 50441) has been in business 111 years, and the U.S. subscription rate is $32 for 52 issues.
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THE TALKIES

THRILLERS

by Bruce Bawer

As the Cookin' Cajun on PBS would say, Jim McBride's new film *The Big Easy* is big on *at*-mose-phere. The picture opens with a series of helicopter's-eye views of the Mississippi delta and a generous helping of sultry, down-home Loo-siana style background music. The movie is grainy-looking, almost as if it were shot on 16mm stock, and it has an overcast look, for the most part, as if it were filmed on a couple of cloudy weekends in October. The idea here, apparently, is not to look *slick*—McBride wants a gritty, homey, y'all-take-ya-shoes-off tone. The film's setting, of course, is New Orleans, where Remy McSwain (Dennis Quaid) is the youngest man on the police force ever to be promoted to the rank of lieutenant. (Catch dat name, Remy? Dat's *at*-mose-phere.) Remy's from a police family: half the members of the force seem to be related to him. And they all have thick, syrupy Cajun accents.

Indeed, just about everybody in the film talks Cajun, with the major exception of Ann Osborne (Ellen Barkin), a Yankee-born-and-bred assistant district attorney who, Remy complains, "bust[s] cops for a living." This intelligent, strong-minded Yankee blonde is a strict believer in law and order who frowns on the easygoing way in which Remy and his Cajun-drawlin' colleagues enjoy their "perks." Remy tries to soften Ann up by taking her out for dinner, but when the meal turns out to be free—"his money's no good here," the restaurateur explains to Ann—she's incensed. How, she wants to know, is this any different from accepting a bribe? Remy tries to explain: "This is New Orleans. We have a certain way of doing things down here. Folks like to show their appreciation." He claims that there's a difference between taking advantage of "perks" and being a criminal—the real criminals are muggers, killers, burglars. "We're the good guys. We're all that stands between you and them, sugar." But she's implacable.

Remy doesn't give up, however. Ann turns him on, and before long it's clear that his cocky charm is getting to her, too, in spite of everything. For a while these two remind one, just a little bit, of Tracy and Hepburn—he the laid-back, plain-talking man's man (who, we know, will prove capable of tenderness), she the high-strung, high-toned, no-nonsense career woman (who, we know, will prove capable of passion). Of the two Ann is the more interesting character, and when Remy finally does bed her down, she becomes even more interesting—an endearing combination of shyness, self-possession, and sensuality.

But *The Big Easy* ceases to be a latter-day Tracy-and-Hepburn film when Remy's arrested red-handed for taking graft from the owner of a topless bar. He goes to court (in what must be record time—less than a week after his arrest!) and Ann (who else?) is the prosecuting attorney. She's now full of contempt for him—and her contempt increases when his pals at the police department manage to get him off by destroying the evidence against him. "You're supposed to uphold the law," she snarls, "but instead you bend it and twist it and sell it. . . . You're not one of the good guys anymore." No *Adam's Rib*, this. It takes a series of local murders—which Remy at first attributes to a "drug war" among rival factions of the local mob, but which Ann suspects, correctly, to involve corrupt police officials—to make Remy forsake his family loyalty to the police department and its sleazy ways and to rejoin the "good guys."

The Big Easy is not a movie, then, that is calculated to warm the hearts of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. It appears to pride itself on its clear-eyed, unsentimental view of things. Rough as it is on cops, however, it's amazingly soft on assistant D.A.'s: Ann Osborne doesn't seem to have any political ambitions or, for that matter, any ulterior motives whatsoever; she believes purely in truth, justice, and the American way, and so apparently do her colleagues at the D.A.'s office. What a lovely fiction!

The movie appears to pride itself, too, on its realistic *at*-mose-phere. But, though I've never been to New Orleans, it seemed to me that there were too many people in this film with Cajun accents; in New Orleans these days, the Cajuns are a small, colorful minority, aren't they? I'm informed by folks who know the city well that I'm right: the majority of its Caucasian residents are of Irish, Italian, or German heritage; the Cajuns are essentially a rural phenomenon.

This sort of thing would not be so disturbing except for the impression one gets, every so often, that McBride (who previously directed the Richard Gere epic *Breathless*) would like us to take this movie more seriously than it deserves. But the truth is that whereas *The Big Easy* is a genuinely entertaining romantic thriller—a glossy Hollywood picture with some of the gloss removed—it hardly provides a realistic view of New Orleans, of the judicial system, or (I suspect) of the real nature of institutional corruption. When Remy gives his heartfelt climactic speech about the way corruption, er, corrupts, it seems more forced than forceful; certainly it is nowhere near as dramatically powerful a moment as the makers of this film seem to think it is.

A couple of other quibbles: the sound is rather poor, the cinematography murky. But the film has energy and wit, and is blessed with a number of splendid performances. Ned Beatty is particularly good as a cop named Jack who's like a second father to Remy; and the late Charles Ludlam is weirdly amusing as a dandified defense lawyer right out of Tennessee Williams. Both the lead actors, moreover, are very appealing. Quaid had better be careful, though, or his prominent performances in this movie, as Gordon Cooper in *The Right Stuff*, and as the fantastic voyager in the recent *Innerspace* will stereotype him forever as the cocky-but-lovable type.

Roger Donaldson's *No Way Out* is yet another recent thriller in which a diverting plot has been yoked to an outsized moral about corruption within The System. Kevin Costner, who portrayed the terminally earnest Eliot Ness in this summer's *The Untouchables*, here plays yet another clean-cut, quietly forceful government man, Lieutenant Commander Tom Farrell. Like Remy McSwain, Farrell is a cocky fellow whose gifts have taken him very far for someone so young. A veteran of Naval Intelligence who is attached to the *USS Billings*, Farrell is brought back to Washington by his friend Scott

Bruce Bawer is The American Spectator*'s movie reviewer.*

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Pritchard (Will Patton), the right-hand man of Secretary of Defense David Brice (Gene Hackman). Brice wants to kill plans for an expensive sub called the Phantom, which he considers unnecessary but for which a Southern committee chairman named Duvall (Howard Duff)—with the support of CIA reports on Soviet naval buildup—has been lobbying hard; Farrell's assignment is to serve as liaison between the secretary and the intelligence community—especially the CIA, whose closely guarded raw data on Soviet sea power Brice wants him to obtain.

The film's extraordinarily convoluted plot revolves not around the Phantom sub controversy, however, but around a murder. Several months before going to work for Brice, Farrell meets a striking young lady named Susan Atwell (Sean Young) at an inaugural ball and—in what has become the film's most publicized sequence—makes love to her in the back seat of a limousine. A romance develops between them, although Farrell knows that Susan is the well-paid mistress of someone high up in government; Susan eventually confesses that the man in question is none other than Farrell's own boss, David Brice. Brice isn't aware of Susan's affair with Farrell, however; he doesn't realize she's been two-timing him until one night when he shows up at her house and sees Farrell—whom he doesn't recognize in the dark—leaving by the back way. Incensed, Brice slaps Susan around and inadvertently kills her. He goes straight to Pritchard, who comes up with a plan to save his skin: they'll declare that Susan was the mistress of, and was murdered by, a Soviet mole in the Defense Department named Yuri, whose existence has long been suspected by the CIA. This fiction will make it possible to keep the D.C. police out of the case, and to have a DOD hireling track down Susan's other boyfriend (the sole witness to Brice's appearance at her apartment on the night of the murder) and, on the pretense that he is Yuri, to have him killed. Naturally, the job of finding this "Yuri" is given to Brice's intelligence expert—Farrell.

Follow that? From there on it gets *really* convoluted, and, alas, sillier and sillier. There's the requisite chase scene, of course—in which Farrell hightails it through Rock Creek Park, a couple of Special Forces agents nipping at his heel—and another murder. But the whole film comes down in the end to a ridiculous race between two computers in the basement of the Pentagon. One of these computers, by means of a process the explanation of which didn't sound quite kosher to me, is gradually turning an all-black photographic negative found in Susan's house into an image of Farrell—and Farrell knows that the moment he's recognizable in the picture, Pritchard will have him killed. The other computer is printing out the Office of Protocol's gratuity gift list. Farrell hopes to find a reference on this list to a jewelry box which a Moroccan diplomat gave to Brice, and which was among the items found in Susan's house; to Farrell's mind, this is apparently the only way of establishing definitively that Brice himself was Susan's lover—and murderer. One wonders why Farrell doesn't simply ask the computer to search the file for mention of the jewelry box—a process that would take a few moments—instead of having it spend hours printing out the whole list; but this is the sort of movie in which the only real explanation is that, well, if he did *that*, there wouldn't be any movie.

The film has some things going for it: a few genuinely suspenseful moments, a couple of arresting reversals, a lively pace; for such a baroquely plotted picture, it moves along quite smoothly most of the way through. The acting is good, too: Costner brings to his role the same wonderful controlled intensity that made him so impressive in *The Untouchables*; Hackman offers a wise portrayal of a man who's not really malevolent, just cowardly; and Will Patton delivers a bravura performance as the psychopath who's determined to "save Brice no matter what it takes." But the most remarkable presence is that of Sean Young, whose vivacity, sensuality, and naturalness bring to mind the screen icons of generations ago. Every moment that she is on screen, the film has life, vigor, charm; she makes this silly thriller seem more distinctive than it is, makes these hokey proceedings seem *real*. The moment her character dies, the movie's dreary contrivance becomes manifest.

Like *The Big Easy*, this is a film that patently prides itself on its supposedly authentic *mise en scène*, its familiarity with the way things work in the corridors of power. But people I know in D.C. have been laughing it up over certain details in this film—for instance, over the anachronistic depiction of Duvall, the Senate committee chairman, as a bossy, drawling Southerner. What's more, though the film is competently shot and edited for the most part, there is one slip-up that particularly bothered me: when Brice and Pritchard are shown dining *al fresco* at the Hay-Adams Hotel, the film unit's big, white production vehicles are plainly visible in the background.

In the final analysis, *No Way Out* is yet another '80s romantic thriller, not much better or worse than—or, ultimately, different from—a score of others which have not only interchangeable titles (e.g., *Against All Odds*) but interchangeable pop-rock title songs of surpassing insipidity. (Like these other films, *No Way Out* forces you to listen to its theme song several times before the picture's through, the idea apparently being that if it irritates you enough you'll run right out and buy the record.) Aside from Miss Young's performance, in fact, the main thing that distinguishes this movie from other romantic thrillers of the day is its ending: I don't intend to give it away, but suffice it to say that the film's last moments contain a cheap dramatic twist that violates the most basic rules of dramaturgy and that sent this viewer, for one, out of the theater feeling cheated. □

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BOOK REVIEWS

SARTRE: A LIFE

Annie Cohen-Solal/Pantheon Books/$24.95

Crocker Coulson

Every biography is inevitably a funeral, the intention being to place the subject in his proper place in history, which is to say, securely underground. In the case of the literary biography the difficulty increases with the size of the writer's corpus, his renown, and the breadth of his influence. It comes as little surprise, then, that the French, and in particular the French left, have had some difficulty disposing of the corpse of Jean-Paul Sartre, who in addition to writing four novels, half a dozen plays, four major works of philosophy, three progressively excessive biographies, and numberless essays, articles, prefaces, short stories, and statements of support, also defined the very image of the leftist intellectual in the public mind for several decades. Sartre's complete works have yet to be collected, much less published, and it is possible that they never will be. And the literary contribution of Sartre—whose essays reflecting upon the deaths of Albert Camus, fellow phenomenologist Merleau-Ponty, Third World revolutionary Franz Fanon, and the writer Paul Nizan served as his subjects' literary tombstones—has yet to be convincingly assessed.

Annie Cohen-Solal's biography of Sartre begins fittingly enough with the scene of a literary auction where Sartre's manuscripts, published and unpublished, are disappearing into the hands of anonymous buyers. The manuscripts, perhaps because of their very number, are selling poorly. Sartre, once placed alongside Victor Hugo in the pantheon of French letters, has become a drag on the market. Cohen-Solal writes: "Since Sartre's death, in April 1980, his work has been going through a period of uncertainty, a strange malaise of which this auction was probably the least painful symptom. And yet, this mysterious dance of the manuscripts—appearance, disappearance, chance of imminent reappearance—suggested a constant movement around Sartre's oeuvre, a perpetual mobility, an afterlife."

The undead Sartre presents his would-be gravediggers with a variety of problems. First of all, how to classify him: novelist or philosopher, literary recluse or political activist, iconoclast or dogmatic Marxist? In each instance the answer is both, yet neither. Sartre's most powerful novel, *Nausea*, was conceived as a "factum on contingency," an exploration of a philosophical problem; his great work on ontology, *Being and Nothingness*, is a highly technical work illustrated with novelistic anecdotes. The champion of a theory of literary engagement, in which every word an author writes must further the cause of human liberation, Sartre was profoundly uninterested in political events during the most productive periods of his life. Finally, Sartre, who resolutely refused to join any political party, who founded the shortlived Resistance group "Socialism and Freedom" as a third way between the Communists and the followers of De Gaulle, and who in his existentialist phase was castigated by the Communist Party for his "bourgeois decadence and morbidity," became in his later life one of the most unabashed apologists for totalitarian barbarism around the world. This is the paradoxical, unnerving reflection that Sartre presents to the unaffiliated, contentious, hyper-intellectual political class that travels in France under the rubric of *la gauche*.

Sartre's childhood, with his passionate love for his widowed mother, his infancy spent among the great works of the nineteenth century in the library of his Alsatian grandfather, and his precocious, insatiable egoism, has long been known through the exquisite piece of mythmaking that Sartre published as an autobiography entitled *The Words*. Cohen-Solal manages to round out the deceptive portrait Sartre painted of these years, uncovering a wealth of new information about the father whose existence Sartre often sought to deny and correcting the faulty chronology and small falsifications that permeate Sartre's more poetic account.

Despite the psychological significance of Sartre's childhood, it is at the Ecole Normale Supérieure and the two years spent in preparation for it as a *khâgneux* that Sartre's intellectual development truly begins. His circle of normaliens—Raymond Aron, Simone de Beauvoir, Paul Nizan, the psychoanalyst Daniel Lagache, and Merleau-Ponty—formed a loosely knit group that would later define the intellectual landscape of the 1940s and fifties. Cohen-Solal's account evokes the combination of material privation and intellectual overstimulation that characterized life at the most elite of France's Grandes Ecoles. In a letter home Sartre describes "conditions of life [that] violate the most elementary hygienic norms. The dormitory is practically never aired or swept. Dust grows under the bed and impregnates our clothes, saturates the air we breathe." But the Ecole Normale was also an intellectual hothouse, dedicated to the pursuit of "pure spirit" and to endowing its students with the broad philosophical, literary, and historical sophistication that is the trademark of the French intellectual.

And despite the regimentation and poverty, Sartre was undoubtedly happy. Here he developed his mental powers through intellectual combat with his contemporaries: Nizan in the case of literature, Aron in philosophy. In both instances Sartre began at a disadvantage but eventually outstripped his adversaries. Aron later described their relationship thus: "[Sartre] had a new theory every week, every month. . . . He was the one who developed the ideas and I was the one who discussed them." As Aron relentlessly ripped apart Sartre's theories they became stronger, and Sartre's philosophical style increasingly assertive and audacious, as he outlined the preoccupations that would eventually be given form in *Nausea*. And though Sartre was relatively ignorant of the political issues of the day, he began to develop a political style marked by confrontation, an instinctual anarchism, and a pitiless contempt for the upholders of social convention, moral propriety, and intellectual laxity. These upholders Sartre labeled *les salauds*.

At the Ecole Normale, Sartre was known as the class jester—instigating pranks, penning lewd rhymes, performing bitterly satirical plays—all indulged by the Ecole's professors. The keen edge of his humor became apparent in 1927 when during a period of increasing bellicosity in French society, Sartre and a cell of pacifist students staged a theatrical revue that ridiculed

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militarist politicians and the armed forces, and maligned patriotic symbols. In the resulting uproar Gustave Lanson, the principal of the Ecole Normale and the architect of the orthodox literary canon and methods of the time, was forced to resign. Sartre, however, escaped the incident untouched. This patricidal act captures Sartre's ambiguous relation to the intellectual elite of which he was now a part: at once removed—Sartre never returned to the Ecole Normale, nor did he join its alumni association—and yet willing to assume its prerogatives when it suited him. Sartre was proud of his position at the top of the final *agrégation* and regarded Albert Camus as an intellectual parvenu. An elitist who detested all elites.

Upon leaving the Ecole Normale, and having already established what would be a lifelong literary and amorous relationship with Beauvoir, Sartre had mentally sketched the life of the "Great Man" that awaited him. After his military service he would obtain a commission to teach in Japan, where he would write exotic novels, travel, and lead a life of adventure. To his dismay Sartre was instead assigned to Le Havre, a gray, provincial port city that to him represented everything he had hoped to leave behind. Sartre began teaching high school philosophy there in March 1931 and remained until 1936.

However disastrous Le Havre was for Sartre, it is difficult to imagine how his work would have developed without this crucial confrontation. His disgust with Le Havre animated the writing of *Nausea* and the description of the fictional city of Bouville in which the novel is set. Part of a civil service he despised, stuck in a cultural backwater whose smugness he found repellent, Sartre plunged into his personal obsessions, knowing himself as a failure and an outcast, instigator of a pathetic and futile social revolt. During these years, what had earlier been personal tics were elevated to the level of philosophical truth. " . . . The rowdy, greedy Normalien had anticipated everything but failure," writes Cohen-Solal. "The 1930s [were] both his demise and his apotheosis, the cruelest and luckiest years of his life, the most marginal and the most exciting, the most asocial and the most fertile."

Living in hotels, eating in cheap cafes, strolling the docks, and visiting the bordellos that dotted his working-class neighborhood, Sartre was thrown back upon himself, shut off from normal human contact. From these years he emerged a monster, and, not incidentally, a great writer. Through the lectures on avant-garde literature that he delivered at the public library, he honed his own novelistic technique, and in his solitary readings of Husserl and Heidegger, he elaborated his philosophical framework. Nearly everything that Sartre wrote of lasting value had its origins in these years of failure.

It was during the thirties that Sartre also developed a distinctive style of life summarized in the credo "travel, polygamy, transparency," with which he sealed the commencement of his relationship with Beauvoir, and which would later scandalize polite society when presented in the series of thinly disguised biographical novels that Beauvoir wrote about their life together. Mobility, an absence of possessions, and sexual freedom—these were the characteristics of a life which, while intended to outline an alternative to bourgeois existence, seems in retrospect to anticipate the shift from a capitalism based on production to one driven by consumption. Consider this passage from the *War Diaries*: "I need to spend not in order to *buy* anything, but in order to blow up that monetary energy: get rid of it in some way and dispatch it far away from myself like a hand grenade. There is a certain kind of perishability that I like about money: I like to see it flow from my fingers and

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vanish. . . . It must disappear on insubstantial fireworks." Far from a socialist ethic, what Sartre is describing here is the pure and unfettered spectacle of consumer capitalism.

Both philosophically and personally, the Occupation marked a turning point in Sartre's thought, away from isolation and ontological speculation and toward political activism. Predictably, his direct political actions were of minimal relevance: his group "Socialism and Freedom" was of more symbolic than practical importance in the French Resistance and with its collapse he returned to political marginality. But the experience instilled in Sartre a nagging desire to integrate himself into a political movement, and inspired, moreover, some of the most powerful theater to emerge from the war, including *The Flies, Dirty Hands*, and *Les Séquestres d'Altona*.

With the end of the war and the flowering of mass media on both sides of the Atlantic, Sartre and his philosophy—as presented in interviews, plays such as *No Exit*, and a short pamphlet entitled "Existentialism and Humanism" which sold millions of copies around the world—swiftly achieved a renown previously unheard of for writers of philosophic tomes. Cohen-Solal traces the process by which phenomenology was transformed into fashion. Two months after denying that he was an existentialist, and "overwhelmed by both the press and the very public that had appropriated the term, Sartre himself used it, giving in to what, by then, had clearly become a new fad." In 1946 Sartre visited the U.S. and made the cover of *Time*. "'Avant-garde' magazines all over the country," reported the breathless correspondent for the *New York Post*, "are beginning to bulge with articles by or about the brilliant French writer Jean-Paul Sartre. The Communists attack him. The anti-Stalinist *Partisan Review* applauds him. The *New Yorker* smiles. The fashion magazines begin to record the Sartre 'trend.'" Somehow, one of the ugliest men in literary history had become a pop star. Here for the first time we can see the cultural export machine that has carried successive waves of Parisian intellectual fashion to America's shores: Structuralism, Lacanianism, deconstruction, the mechanism is the same.

Ironically, Sartre's "existentialism" reached the height of its fame at a time when he was starting to turn away from his former concerns. In the series of essays later published as *What Is Literature?*, Sartre repudiated many of his earlier ideas about the writer's relationship to politics. He presented a literary ethic that, while avoiding the formalism and relentless edification of Socialist Realism, makes literature the servant of political struggle. Sartre also praised lower forms of literary activity —journalism, polemical essays, topical theater—over the more refined genres. Poetry, for example, is banished from the realm of "engaged" writing altogether. It is a conception of literature that inspired an entire generation of literary functionaries, but that returned to haunt him at the end of his life which Sartre spent composing Flaubert's biography—a work so exhaustive and eccentric, so distant from contemporary concerns, that when it was published in 1973 many journals were unable to find reviewers willing to read it.

As Sartre, clumsily but persistently, became more involved in political events, the number of actions that are in retrospect so embarrassing, and so out of line with his thoughtful if ineffective positions during the Resistance, began to multiply. It is almost as if he had become a figure in one of his own plays, who, swollen with pride from his conquest of literature and philosophy, is undone by his ignorance of politics and human nature. Moreover, the quality of Sartre's writing began to deteriorate as he moved into the 1950s; he wrote and traveled at a furious pace on a diet of amphetamines, but left few texts that bear rereading—*Saint Genet* and the essay "Black Orpheus" being the glittering exceptions.

Politically Sartre was still a romantic revolutionary, a vague syndicalist, and a social provocateur. However, the imprecision of his ideas about politics and economics led him to extravagant sympathies with groups on the left. Jean Kanapa, a former student who wrote a scathing attack on Sartre entitled *Existentialism Is Not Humanism*, described Sartre's position *vis-à-vis* Marxism thus. "He is a dangerous animal who likes flirting with Marxism . . . because he has not read Marx, even though he knows, more or less, what Marxism is." Sartre traced the intellectual itinerary of the non-Communist left for the following three decades: an impassioned opposition to anti-Communism, a willingness to overlook Communist "excesses" in the name of shared principle, and a sympathy for all Third World revolutionary movements, no matter what sort of society they envision for the post-colonial future.

The climax of this leftward movement was Sartre's rapprochement with the Parti Communiste Française—the most inflexibly Stalinist party in Western Europe—between 1952 and 1956. These were years filled with small acts of cowardice, such as Sartre's legal efforts to block performances of *Dirty Hands* in Vienna and New York because of the play's unflattering portrayal of the Communist Party. ("My play had become a political battlefield, an instrument of political propaganda," Sartre lamely explained.) During these four years he traveled to China, Cuba, Brazil, and, on nine occasions, to the Soviet Union, all in support of Marxist political causes, while declining invitations to lecture in the U.S. on the grounds that it would be too political. In 1954, eighteen months before the opening of the 20th Congress and the disclosure of Stalin's crimes, Sartre returned from a trip to the USSR and gave a series of unreservedly enthusiastic interviews to the journal *Libération* about the scenes of economic progress and political freedom he had witnessed. "Sartre abandoned himself," notes Cohen-Solal, "to the most incredible Soviet panegyric, to the most emphatic, most extraordinary, the most naive and unexpected declarations." Later he broke definitively with the PCF. But the period of seduction had been fatal: Sartre's capacity for political skepticism had been shattered.

Faced with this unpleasant cadaver, the most common response among leftist intellectuals has been to ignore Sartre's legacy entirely. Indeed the exchange between Sartre's work and the diverse strands of leftist thought that followed it has been largely composed of silences. Lacan, Foucault, Derrida, Kristeva—the thinkers that were centered around the journal *Tel Quel* in the 1960s and seventies and who now constitute the establishment left—have chosen to explore themes quite different from his. Where Sartre tried to eliminate the poetic qualities of language, they revel in figures, puns, and paradox. Whereas Sartre showed an aversion to linguistics and anthropology and declared that "the unconscious simply doesn't exist," they embrace the authority of the "human sciences" and delight in the unconscious. Even when these thinkers have become involved in political events—such as Foucault's work on prison reform, or Derrida's efforts on behalf of Eastern European writers—they have been careful to maintain the distance between these actions and their intellectual activity.

Indeed the true inheritors of Sartre's political style and literary ethic have been on the right—in particular the fiercely anti-Communist group of thinkers that in the mid-1970s proclaimed themselves "les nouveaux philosophes." The work of these writers—including Bernard-Henri Lévy, Alain Finkielkraut, André Glucksmann, and Luc Ferry—bears all the marks of Sartrean engagement. The polemical tone, the taste for confrontation and scandal, the essayist's attitude toward philosophical issues—everything except for the political content, which is diametrically opposite to Sartre's. Lévy in particular, whose flowing hair and thoughtful gaze have graced many magazine covers and who is completely at home on television, embodies Sartre's own ambitions for the political uses of mass media. While the left is reduced to titillating its textual intelligence, these writers have mastered the techniques of persuasion, intellectual name-dropping, and high drama. And despite the paucity of their philosophic achievement, they have become familiar to a wide public. It is perhaps not going too far to suggest that the essay that assigns Sartre his place in history will be written by one who is on the right. □

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CURSE OF THE GIANT MUFFINS AND OTHER WASHINGTON MALADIES

Michael Kinsley/Summit Books/$17.95

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

In this inaugural collection of Michael Kinsley's writings the concerned reader finally has a chance to take the measure of the *New Republic*'s sometimes awkward, sometimes agile editor undistracted by the controversies, surprising in number, that have entoiled his brief career. News stories have echoed with his complaints about his salary and insufficient vacation time. Employers have questioned his ethics: a junket to Lebanon, his choice of manuscripts for publication, his taste. There was the time when *Harper's* under his editorship called Clare Boothe Luce a "courtesan" in a headline. Later the magazine insulted Susan Sontag, the writer, associating her with rock groupies. He ducked the first controversy by pleading ignorance of courtesan's unsavory meaning. How he got out of the second I do not recall; possibly he said "she looked good to me."

Kinsley is given to put-downs. It is a dispensation allowed him in the grim American media because he presents himself as a moralist, and that he is but in strictly contemporary terms. He is absorbed with the minor peccancies of the moment. Nowhere in this book does he demonstrate an acute awareness of our time's great evils: the totalitarian shade now pulled over Southeast Asia, the decline of much of the Third World into barbarism, terrorism's manifold cruelties and dangers, the enduring horror of Communism again elucidated but with unusual vividness by Armando Valladares. Kinsley does not even demonstrate much awareness of the squalor of our slums.

Nonetheless he is celebrated, and the adjective applied to him with curious inveterateness is "smart"—not intelligent, not thoughtful, just "smart." If I were Kinsley that would make me a little uneasy. His work is strangely devoid of many of the marks of a civilized mind. It is just possible that Kinsley is beginning to be recognized as a primitive. This should not be too surprising. As he himself indicates in one of this book's few affectionate essays, he once worked for Ralph Nader. From these pages he now emerges as the Republic's most sedulous interpreter of the master's work, hence his stunted sensibility and narrowness. The planet Earth might be imperiled by pestilence and flames, and Michael Kinsley would want to make just one more point about Felix Rohatyn's tax write-offs.

Yet I shall fain defend Kinsley against those who say that he is neither liberal nor conservative, or that he has no higher political principle than jealousy. True, he has little reverence for liberal pieties. And true, he serves up fearsome drubbings to conservatives, discoursing frequently on the sordidness of their black hearts. Still, this does not mean Kinsley is some sort of jolly nihilist. Close textual analysis of this slim volume reveals that he does adhere to one very important political principle.

Kinsley believes that it is his moral duty to disturb his neighbor. That, of course, is the surviving principle of modern liberalism. Liberalism has gone off in many contradictory directions. It has moved from prizing a color-blind society to prizing a color-obsessed society. It has exchanged the welfare state for the redistributive hoosegow. Animal rights is rising on the agenda. But one age-old liberal principle endures the erosions of time, and Kinsley adheres to it lovingly. Today's liberals still believe in disturbing the peace. Modern liberalism is the only political philosophy ever based on a simple misdemeanor. That Kinsley practices his misdemeanors against liberals and conservatives alike does not make him a nihilist but rather a liberal of the finest metal. He is Eleanor Roosevelt for the 1980s. Perhaps some day he will marry a President.

Kinsley afflicts liberals differently from the way that he afflicts conservatives. At liberals he merely snickers, leaving them hurt and bemused as to the substance of his complaints. There is none, and he offers none. Consider when he snickers at the Democrats' devotion to Social Security and to agricultural price supports. Aside from chiding these programs because they "benefit people at least as well off as those who are paying for them," Kinsley goes no deeper. He simply ignores the liberal's rationale for them. He is no Friedmanite advocate of free markets. Friedman wants to raise incomes. Kinsley just wants to begrudge them. He knows it disturbs people. Elsewhere in this volume he will discomfit the peace movement by snickering at its melodrama and urgency. Conscientious readers might recall that in a preceding section on conservatives he blamed them for "helping to spread war fever" in the 1980s. So why is he snickering at the peace movement's worries? Because he is a nuisance. It is a matter of principle.

Kinsley takes more care in afflicting conservatives. That is not to say that he bothers to refute them. But he does much more than merely snicker. He misrepresents them. He ignores their most telling arguments. He offers false analogies. He tortures logic. He, unless he is a stupid man, lies. For instance, it is untrue to write that "some conservatives speak almost wistfully of the advantages enjoyed by ruthless totalitarians . . . and medieval religious zealots . . ." or that the Reagan Administration's "greatest moral outrage is reserved for people who acquire some advantage because they are black." Has Kinsley forgotten the Administration's moral denunciations of Communism? He must realize that "greed" is not admired by supply-siders, that neoconservatives do not "see socialism everywhere," and that those stoneheads who speak of "moral equivalence" between Washington and Moscow are not speaking of the equivalence of the two powers' strategic forces as Kinsley claims. They are declaring both regimes morally equivalent, and conservatives are right to complain.

Kinsley's literary style has admirers and critics. Were he alive I think Macaulay would be numbered among the critics, at least based on his 1830 appraisal of Robert Southey: "In the mind of Mr. Southey reason has no place at all. . . . He does not seem to know what an argument is. He never troubles himself to answer the arguments of his opponents. . . . It has never occurred to him that there is a difference between assertion and demonstration . . . that two contradictory propositions cannot be undeniable truths, that to beg the question is not the way to settle it . . ." George Orwell, too, would be out of sympathy with the Kinsley style, and Orwell's 1940 essay suggests where Kinsley might side were he in London when funny old Adolf was menacing the bourgeoisie and Orwell noted the prewar British intelligentsia's "general negativism, querulous attitude, their complete lack at all times of any constructive suggestion," and finally their "emotional shallowness." Yet neither Macaulay nor Orwell lived in an era when a political philosophy justified being a nuisance. Perhaps they would go easy on him.

Moreover, Kinsley can be funny, especially on things that are not all that serious, such as fads, poseurs in politics and business (Mary Cunningham!). If only he could deliver an elbow to the ribs of some figures from history, say Schweitzer, or a literary eminence, say Proust, or Nietzsche or Marx or Beethoven, with all his annoying grievances. But the modern moralist restricts himself to a very narrow range: thy neighbor's tax returns, thy neighbor's police radar detector, his uses of frequent flier coupons. These have actually been past props for this genius's satire.

I have now been in the company of Michael Kinsley for over two hundred pages, and let me tell you he puts me in mind of a mean little lawyer down in an alcove of the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Are there no limits to his absorption with human baseness? The world has always harbored self-promoters. In fact Kinsley is a self-promoter as is obvious from his public rows. Furthermore he is an embarrassingly insecure self-promoter as is recognizable in his habit of repeatedly introducing persons in this book as "my friend _____." Nowadays such petty fellows are called neoliberals, that is to say a liberal who makes his way in the world disarming conservatives by appropriating their arguments against liberals. Then he disarms liberals by reviling his intellectual benefactors on the right. As Kinsley shows in this volume, such liberals can occasionally have great fun, but that is because they have no honor. □

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. is editor-in-chief of The American Spectator. *A shorter version of this review appeared in the* Wall Street Journal.

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LOOKING FORWARD
George Bush with Victor Gold/Doubleday/$18.95

Victor Gold (without George Bush)

The Presidential Candidate's Book first surfaced as a political art form when Nathaniel Hawthorne published his monumental biography of James Buchanan, circa 1856. Quite possibly you've forgotten the work. Perfectly understandable. Whether books of this kind are remembered or forgotten depends on the future success of their subjects. Who, for example (save its relentless author), now recalls Harold Stassen's *Where I Stand,* a Presidential Candidate's Book aimed at limning Stassen's vision of America, circa 1948?

True, in Buchanan's case, the man did win the election. Other than that, however, he has come down through the years as one of the worst losers ever to occupy the Oval Office, a President not having the good public relations sense either to embroil the country in a war or get himself shot. So much for Nathaniel Hawthorne's vision of post-Mohican America.

On the other hand, John F. Kennedy's *Profiles in Courage*, in which the author defined his vision in terms of the political heroism of others, did well by both Kennedy's campaign and his place in history. Even today *Profiles* is regularly checked out of libraries by high school civics students and aspiring presidential candidates in search of a winning literary format of their own.

In *Looking Forward*, described by its publisher as the first autobiography ever written by a sitting Vice President, George Bush has chosen as his format not a broad-gauge history, like Kennedy's, or a visionary book of "new ideas," like Stassen's or Gary Hart's, but an updated version of the Hawthorne approach, i.e., Bush's story comes first-person, in the manner of recent sagas by such disparate entrepreneurs as Lee Iacocca, Chuck Yeager, and Ed Koch, all of whom turned out their life stories *with* or *as-told-to* a collaborator, i.e., flack.

The process works this way: the autobiographer, in a series of tape-recorded sessions, fills in the dramatic details of his life. The tapes are then transcribed, edited, and sent back to the subject for revision. A tone is established—informal and anecdotal, as if the subject were seated in the reader's family room, sipping a Coors and shmoozing about the good old days ("I'll never forget the time . . ."). As readers of *Iacocca, Yeager*, and *Mayor* know, a generous dollop of score-settling and now-it-can-be-told bitchiness is also part of the sales package, e.g., Iacocca on Henry Ford II, Yeager on the Air Force brass, Koch on Mario Cuomo, Jimmy Carter, the United Nations, and assorted other "wackos."

From the outset, however, *Looking Forward*—the title derives from a Teddy Roosevelt maxim[1]—comes up short on the gossip-mongering front. Bush was U.S. envoy to China, for example, when then-House Speaker Carl Albert came to town and drank himself under Mao's Great Hall table. A marvelous story, as told by others who witnessed the scene, but despite the strong remonstrances of his collaborator, Bush didn't include a hint of it in his book. Instead, those interested in Albert's drinking habit will have to rely on the raconteurship of his good friend and Democratic colleague "Tip" O'Neill, who makes much of it in *his* autobiography, *Man of the House.*

Regrettably, there are other instances of Bush's wimpish failure to catch the autobiographical spirit of the times. It would be interesting to read Bush's version of conversations held between him and O'Neill—as well as President Reagan and O'Neill—to find out whether, as O'Neill would have us believe, he invariably left them at a loss for words; or to learn what was said at Cabinet meetings when George Shultz took on Cap Weinberger, Weinberger took on David Stockman, and Stockman took on the world.

But that, as Bush stuffily informs us early on, isn't what he had in mind when he undertook to write his autobiography. Giving "fair notice" in his author's preface, he cautions that if any reader expects to discover "untold secrets" about the Reagan Administration, complete with the inside story on closed-door meetings and Cabinet disputes, "you'll be disappointed."

Indeed. That being the case, one might wonder why a sitting, standing, or running Vice President—for that matter, any Washington luminary—would even bother to dictate his memoirs into a tape recorder. But Bush apparently has his own autobiographical agenda, aimed at readers interested in the more achromatic aspects of American political life, e.g., the way the Vice Presidency operates, how the media affect our presidential selection process, the degree to which bullshit phrases like "vision of the future" and "new ideas" pollute the political dialogue. (Bush doesn't think much of either, nor of the liberals' claims that they alone are "compassionate" and "responsive" to social issues.)

Not that the Vice President shows complete disdain for the modern reader's taste for the personal. In early chapters he tells a great deal about himself, material that runs counter to certain widely held perceptions.

Bush is not, for example, the product of a New England Brahmin family, as is generally reported in media profiles. His father, Prescott Bush, came out of Columbus, Ohio; his mother, Dorothy Walker, was a native of St. Louis. The family moved from the Middle West to the South (Kingsport, Tennessee); to Milton, Massachusetts, where George, the second of five children, was born; then to Greenwich, Connecticut, where the future Vice President lived until, age 17, he joined up to become a naval aviator after the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor.

Bush also recounts (for the first time in his own words) the story of his being shot down in a bombing raid on the Japanese-held island of Chi-chi Jima, a wartime incident that earned him the Distinguished Flying Cross. He tells of his postwar years at Yale and, in a more introspective vein, the desire he and his wife Barbara had to "break away" from their Eastern roots; which led him to Texas in 1948, into the oil business, and, after building his own off-shore company, into politics.

As Bush tells it, *Looking Forward* was originally intended as an autobiographical résumé of the ten years, 1967-77, that saw him arrive in Washington as a congressman; move on to New York City as U.S. ambassador to the United Nations; then back to Washington as chairman of the Republican National Committee; across the Pacific to China as American envoy to Peking; and again back to Washington as director of the Central Intelligence Agency. With the coming of Jimmy Carter's Snopes Administration, the Bushes headed back to Houston, George "taking notes and talking into my tape recorder" in the months that followed.

"Then, as often occurs in the life of a book, a funny thing happened on the way to the printer," he writes. "I was bitten by another bug and found myself spending long days and nights campaigning in Iowa, New Hampshire, and other presidential primary states. In July 1980, I became Ronald Reagan's running mate. . . . In January, 1981, I was sworn in as Vice President . . ."

Seven years later, the bug still bites, the only difference being that now George Bush is in a position to have both his book and his presidential campaign. Whether either is remembered in the years ahead depends, as always, on the future success of its subject: Oilman Bush, Congressman Bush, Ambassador Bush, Chairman Bush, Director Bush, Vice President Bush . . . *President* Bush? That remains, as a candidate once said to his collaborator-flack, to be seen. For those readers interested in conjecture along those lines, *Looking Forward* may be your dish of tea; or, as it were, bottle of Coors. □

Victor Gold is The American Spectator*'s national correspondent and an old hand at presidential campaign flackery.*

[1] "Look up and not down; look out and not in; look forward and not back; and lend a hand." A Bull Moose party slogan in 1912, the line was taken from a sermon delivered by U.S. Senate Chaplain Edward Everett Hale.

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THE JESUITS: THE SOCIETY OF JESUS AND THE BETRAYAL OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

Malachi Martin/Simon and Schuster/$19.95

John R. Dunlap

Malachi Martin's fourteenth book since he left the Jesuit Order in 1964 is just about as gamy as hinted by the subtitle, a condition that makes it much less careful than its readers have the right to expect. It is the work of a rogue scholar, broadly sympathetic in its portraits of major figures but wildly expressive in its treatment of big events.

In that mode, Martin joins, for example, an engaging sketch of warmth and energetic devotion in Pedro Arrupe, the man, to an impressionistic image of duplicity and cocksureness in Pedro Arrupe, the Jesuit Superior General. Arrupe, Martin tells us, steered the 31st (1965/66) and the 32nd (1974/75) General Congregations of the Society of Jesus onto paths of New Age socio-political enthusiasm, with an attendant "tide of fatuities and stupidities": of disenchantment, defection, dissension, trendy experimentation, and, worst of all, a treacherous "war against the papacy."

When Ignatius Loyola founded the Society of Jesus in 1540, he had in mind something different from the mission of any other religious order in the Catholic Church up to that time. Shaped by a conversion from worldly ambitions and by several years of fiercely ascetic spiritual molding, Ignatius was nonetheless a man of action, a Basque nobleman and former soldier who had little taste for monastic formalism. One of the followers he had attracted during a stint at the Sorbonne remarked that the "Company" saw themselves as "contemplatives in action." Their new religious order—approved by Pope Paul III amid the turmoil of sixteenth-century Europe and a Church rife with corruption—would be mobile and adaptable, bound by a military-like rule more absolute than that of other religious orders but unencumbered by medieval practices and monkish habits. Given such character there was certain to be trouble between the Church and the Company.

Perhaps to anticipate the objections that, from its beginnings, the Society's relationship with Rome has been intermittently rough-edged, Martin draws a few sketches of early Jesuit squabbles with the Holy See. We are treated, for example, to a run-in between Pope Sixtus V and Claudio Acquaviva. Elected in 1581, Acquaviva was the Society's fifth Superior General and by all accounts among the three or four (of twenty-eight) strongest leaders in the Order's history.

He was not a biddable man. When Sixtus demanded, in 1590, that Jesuit theologians retract their views "on certain points of doctrine," Acquaviva responded in the manner to which he was temperamentally suited: he threatened the Pope with a deluge of Jesuit protest against the proposed decree. Sixtus, whom Martin calls "one of the most arrogant Popes ever to succeed St. Peter in Rome," backed down. But Martin tells us nothing about the "certain points of doctrine"—which involved complex clerical in-fighting and bitter accusations by Dominican theologians of Jesuit "laxism" on matters of sexual morality. What Martin does say is that Acquaviva's blatant opposition to the Pope somehow differed in substance from more recent Jesuit wrangling with the Holy See regarding, among other things, "basic Roman Catholic rules of morality," which Martin doesn't define.

Indeed, Martin seems all too eager to contrast an unambiguous Jesuit greatness in the glory days of their "first 150 years" with the sad state of the Order over the past generation. In his sketch of early Jesuit history, you will find no shadows in the brilliant glare—nothing, for example, about the Galileo affair, which had Jesuits on both sides of the dispute, nor even a nod to the Jesuit adventure in Paraguay, which, according to historical analysts less romantic than the British playwright Robert Bolt or the Jesuit liturgist C. J. McNaspy, began as a noble experiment and gradually degenerated into a paternalistic exercise in social engineering.

But the convenient omissions are nothing compared to the weird untruths that crop up in this book, beginning with the dustcover, which refers to Martin as an "eminent theologian." Prominent chatterbox, yes—but Martin's Jesuit training was in Semitic linguistics and Biblical archaeology, a background that served him well in his *King of Kings*, a lush novelization of the story of David. The appellation "eminent theologian" acquires some plausibility only in Martin's nasty sniping, by which he does Hans Küng one better in referring to the late and truly eminent Jesuit theologian Karl Rahner as "subtly vicious." Martin's hostility towards Rahner—whose thought had great influence on John Paul II and who tried in 1970 to inject some sense into his less thoughtful colleagues—is mystifying.

Another odd remark: "Properly speaking, Liberation Theology was a Jesuit creation." Granted, a few liberation theorists are Jesuits (notably Juan Segundo, whose five-volume *Theology for Artisans of a New Humanity* may find good use someday as therapy for insomniacs); but, properly speaking or otherwise, the acknowledged father of liberation theology is the Peruvian priest Gustavo Gutierrez, whom Martin astonishingly misidentifies (four times in four different parts of the book) as a Jesuit. Nor is there any hint in *The Jesuits* that liberation theology is already a passing fad, if not quite as moribund as yesteryear's claques of Teilhardian groupies with whom Martin shadowboxes in one chapter.

The goofiest sections of this book, though, are Martin's purely fictive entries. In a note at the back (among precious few notes, citing even fewer exact sources for the hundreds of quotes rippling through the text), Martin tells us: "Certain confidential sources of materials within the Society and the Roman Curia provided both information and commentary throughout." Plausible enough; gossip is a staple of the religious life, and ex-Jesuit Martin doubtless has contacts. But when Martin records every word, gesture, blink, cheek-tic, elevated eyebrow, and raised voice in a closed meeting between John Paul II and his leading cardinals or in a private show-down between Paul VI

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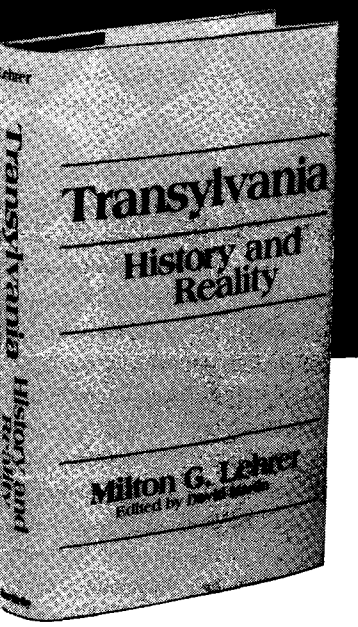

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and Pedro Arrupe . . . well, there goes the plausibility. And he can't seem to restrain himself even in the presumptively documentary sections: "There was an uncomfortable feeling among all five Jesuits as they left the papal presence." Just the sort of fluff which should give Martin's readers an uncomfortable feeling about his book.

Part of that feeling wells up with the impression that Martin doesn't really make a case for the "duplicity" and "cocksureness" of Pedro Arrupe. Martin says in passing that Arrupe was a "compromise candidate" when he was elected Superior General on the third ballot at the Jesuits' 31st General Congregation in 1965: he was neither a radical "renewalist" nor a hidebound "traditionalist." But afterwards Arrupe is said by Martin to have acquired a "wide-angle social optic" that reduced specifically Catholic doctrines and pieties to "the status of symbols or memorials." By hook or crook, Arrupe led his Jesuits down the gilded path of secularization, in effect reducing the Society to a social service club in total accommodation to the "winsome doctrine" of Modernism.

But the contentions are unsupported even by the material Martin does adduce in 150 tedious pages. Fairly or not, Martin's truncated evidence, disentangled from his brash declamations, calls up an image of Arrupe as more of a diplomat than a leader—conspicuously lacking both the cunning and the iron will of a Claudio Acquaviva, and rather more permissive than scheming, as he zigzagged between the disgruntled left and right wings of the Jesuits, trying to inspire in his divided ranks the "primitive charism" of the Order. Perhaps Martin finds diplomacy in a Jesuit Superior General distasteful—but that hardly accounts for his outlandish juxtaposition of contention and contrary evidence. The distortions are so compulsive that he makes it difficult to concede that the Jesuits have had any trouble at all.

But they have, of course. There is no doubt that the Jesuits suffered something of an identity crisis for about ten years following Vatican II. And it's true that some Jesuits today talk about themselves and their Order in a manner warranted neither by prudence nor by modesty—drifting now and then into a *patois* redolent of the sixties: "The issues are war, poverty, racial hatred, excessive nationalism, a technology of production and consumption which tramples on basic human needs." Nope. The issue raised by that kind of claptrap is the old Jesuit inclination to lapse into those "worldly standards" which Ignatius told his men to transform by the Gospel . . .

Enough! The simple fact is that the Society of Jesus, like any other human organization, has its inevitable contingent of exhibitionists—of illuminist cranks apparently motivated less by the intent of the organization than by their own vanity or contempt for human frailty. But the great majority of Jesuits still go about their work with quiet endurance, stumbling along as teachers, thinkers, pastors, writers, missionaries, scientists, administrators, chaplains, social workers, counselors, laborers—disciplined by that peculiar Ignatian detachment from the world, with all its grubby particularity and strange enticements, and mildly indifferent to the enthusiasms of their few brother Jesuits who really are political louts of the sort Martin rails against.

Although he allows the possibility of Jesuit "reform" (presumably of the kind which is already occurring, as the Order has lately been shaking a number of recalcitrant feathers off its left wing), Martin anticipates the eventual dissolution of the Society, either by papal interdict (which he grants is unlikely) or by "gradual decay and ossification." But if Martin had made better use of his material, of his pliant metaphors, and of his shrewd eye for gesture and human character—if he had written a disciplined novel instead of a dazzling congeries of factoids—perhaps he would have found himself drawn to more hopeful conclusions about the Society of Jesus.

Instead, *The Jesuits* succeeds only in demonstrating the familiar perils of kneejerk activism—not least by the febrile example of the man behind the book's copyright notice: Malachi Martin Enterprises, Ltd. □

THE SONGLINES
Bruce Chatwin/Viking/$18.95

Jennifer Howard

As long as there has been an England there have been Englishmen who felt compelled to leave it, abandoning the busy streets and turning wheels of home for the greener pastures of the unknown. Shakespeare, not a traveler himself, put his finger on it when he spoke of England as "this little world . . . bound in with the triumphant sea." That feeling of being *bound in*—spiritually, intellectually, and physically—united Plantagenet crusaders, Tudor privateers, and Victorian imperialists; all left England thinking that they could do better elsewhere, that they would be richer, holier, or freer people if they explored the world's reaches.

But what role is left to twentieth-century adventurers now that the motives of past wanderlust have lost their respectability? With *The Songlines*, Bruce Chatwin, the latest in the long line of Britons abroad, comes up with an answer: philosopher.

Had he been born in the last century, Chatwin might have hired himself out to the Royal Geographic Society to explore the vastnesses of Africa, hoping, as Alan Moorehead wrote of the Victorians, to see what "benefits civilization could confer on the benighted blacks." Born in 1940, however, Chatwin travels instead as a reverse sort of missionary, hoping to gather the benefits that the "benighted blacks" can confer on civilization. He is not new to travel writing. His best-known work, *In Patagonia* (1977), has been called "that most perfect and most famous of recent travel books"; in it Chatwin displayed the intrepidity and sensitivity of observation that earned him his reputation as Britain's pre-eminent travel writer.

Chatwin's enthusiasm for the exotic goes back to his childhood. In the early pages of *The Songlines*, he recounts days spent with his Aunt Ruth in Stratford, reading poems from "an anthology of verse especially chosen for travellers, called *The Open Road*." From Aunt Ruth he learned that their surname had been corrupted from "Chettewynde," which in Anglo-Saxon means "the winding path." In Chatwin's mind "the suggestion took root . . . that poetry, my own name, and the road were, all three, mysteriously connected." Later, having quit his job as an expert on modern painting, he journeyed to the Sudan where his guide, a nomad named Mahmoud, triggered a fascination for nomads. "The Pharaohs had vanished," Chatwin writes. "Mahmoud and his people had lasted. I felt I had to know the secret of their timeless and irreverent vitality. . . . The more I read, the more convinced I became that nomads had been the crankhandle of history, if for no other reason than that the great monotheisms had, all of them, surfaced from the pastoral milieu. . . ." And with that statement Chatwin trades in a traveler's pack for the intellectual baggage of a theorist.

Jennifer Howard is a writer and editor living in Washington, D.C.

The book begins encouragingly enough as an autobiographical ac-

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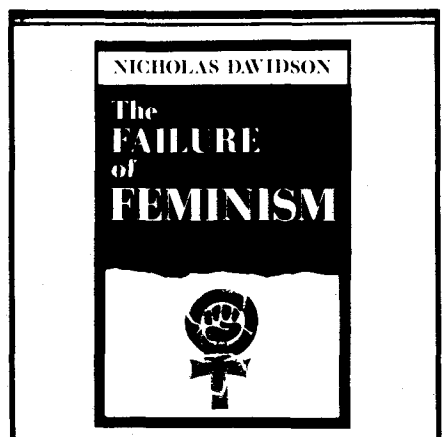
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count of Chatwin's foray into the "pastoral milieu" and what he found there, its setting Central Australia, its main characters the nomadic Aborigines of the area. What drew Chatwin down under were tales of "the labyrinth of invisible pathways which meander all over Australia and are known to Europeans as 'Dreaming Tracks' or 'Songlines'; to the Aboriginals as the 'Footprints of the Ancestors' or the 'Way of the Law.'"

Chatwin explains the songlines thus: The Aborigines believed that the world was created, in a distant time called the Dreamtime, by Ancestors who sang it into existence. Each Ancestor first created himself and then walked across the land, leaving behind landmarks and creatures whom he had sung into being; along the line of the Ancestor's footprints lay a trail of words and musical notes. These had been passed down through generations of Aborigines. Each clan claimed a certain Ancestor and had inherited that Ancestor's Songlines as its birthright and roadmap to a particular section of country. In singing its birthright, the clan celebrated and re-created the land. As Chatwin sums it up, "In theory, at least, the whole of Australia could be read as a musical score. There was hardly a rock or creek in the country that could not or had not been sung."

Intrigued by the idea of the Songlines, Chatwin travels to Australia to track them himself. To serve as his guide to Central Australia he locates another peripatetic, a "tireless bushwalker" by the name of Arkady. The son of Russian émigrés, Arkady lives in the Center, with no possessions other than a harpsichord and his favorite books. Once a teacher among the Aborigines, he knows them intimately; so intimately that he has been hired by a railway company to survey the Songlines and to advise the railway how to lay track in order not to disturb any Dreamings.

To do this, he must travel around the bush with the Aborigines on whose land the tracks will run. Chatwin tags along with him, and the first part of the book is more or less what one expects from a travelogue: anecdotes of the whites and their settlements, snapshots of life among the Aborigines, conversations recorded along the way. Chatwin delights in caricaturing the whites in Alice Springs ("a grid of scorching streets where men in long white socks were forever getting in and out of Land Cruisers") and the other large towns he passes through. Most of the white Australians come across as boors and racists, as in the following exchange between Arkady and a policeman in a bar in Glen Armond:

"So why do you bother with them?" The policeman jerked his thumb at the Aboriginals.

"Because I like them."

"And *I* like them," he said. "I *like* them! I like to do what's right by them. But they're different."

"In what way different?"

The policeman moistened his lips again, and sucked the air between his teeth.

"Made differently," he said at last. "They've got different urinary tracks to the white man. Different waterworks! That's why they can't hold their booze!"

"How do you know?"

"It's been proved," said the policeman. "Scientifically."

The policeman concludes that what holds for "waterworks" also holds for brain power. Arkady, however, argues that by white standards many Aborigines, with their ability to memorize, would rank as "linguistic geniuses." The other whites who work closely with the "Abos"—those who teach them, broker their paintings to white tourists, run stores and clinics among them—seem to agree. But their good feelings toward Abos, as pictured by Chatwin, are curiously paternal, the feelings that a master of hounds might have for his pack: respect alloyed with amused condescension.

Drunk on the white man's liquor, haggling with American tourists over artwork, the Abos appear in *The Songlines* to be drunkards, connivers, or naive innocents: stick figures, hardly human, not the blissful songsters of Chatwin's promises. He makes it difficult to imagine anything other than elusive, fuzzy-haired figures with some strange affinity for song, intriguing but never revealed.

Nor does the land itself emerge from the shadows of the book. Chatwin hints at the "incandescent sky," the scrubby brush and ragged outcrops that make up the Central Australian landscape. But never does he indicate what quality it is that so enthralls the Aborigines. Only rarely does it become the entity that the natives constantly sing into being. This is a pity, considering Chatwin's considerable stylistic talents. Occasionally a satisfying description comes along: "... the country changed from the yellow-flowering scrub to a rolling, open parkland of bleached grass and rounded eucalyptus trees—blue-green, the colour of olives with their leaves turning white in the wind; and if you soft-focused your eyes, you'd think you were in the lit-up Provençal landscape of Van Gogh's *Cornfield near Arles.*" Too often, though, the style shuffles lazily off into sentences such as "It was a bright, moonlit night."

In fact, this first part of *The Songlines* serves as little more than a warm-up for the second: a compendium of quotes, anecdotes, and thoughts assembled over the years and recorded by the author in a series of moleskin notebooks (bought specially in a Parisian *papeterie*). The quotes provide documentation for the Chatwinian theory that the nomad is the quintessential man, or, as Dostoevsky wrote, that man is a "wanderer in the scorching and barren wilderness of this world." Or, more pleasantly, that we are born to wander.

It's not an unappealing idea, especially for anyone ever forced to work in a windowless office, and Chatwin's assemblage of quotations makes it even more palatable; he has read a great many books and read them thoughtfully, enlisting in his argument the likes of Darwin, Rimbaud, Pascal, Wordsworth, Kierkegaard, and even the Buddha. He couples the thoughts of this gallery of worthies with his own observations and with nomadic proverbs, in a section supposedly drawn from those same moleskin notebooks. Chatwin as observer does himself credit; he has insight and recognizes it. Interestingly enough, his anecdotes about the Arab nomads he has met are crisper and far more sincere than those about the Aborigines. But though he tells good stories, he relies too much on other writers to lay out the bones of the argument without himself providing any connecting tissue.

From nomadism it is for Chatwin an easy journey backward to the origin of man. Discussing our break from the apes, he turns his attention to a number of conflicting anthropological opinions on the subject. One school, led by Raymond Dart, holds that man descends from bloodthirsty ancestors who delighted in bashing each other over the head. Dart and his followers interpret the seemingly violent fossil record of man's emergence (smashed skulls, etc.) as evidence of our innate barbarity. To Chatwin's great relief, however, another anthropologist named Robert Brain rescues man's reputation by reinterpreting the evidence and concluding that the seeming violence, which Dart attributed to the Beast Within, was in fact caused by a Beast Without, a prehistoric cat species named *Dinofelis*. This cat may have been our specific predator; Chatwin calls him "the Prince of Darkness in all his sinister magnificence." By developing superior cranial power, man evolved out of reach of the claws of *Dinofelis*, but "perhaps it had to be a Pyrrhic victory: has not the whole of history been a search for false monsters? A nostalgia for the Beast we have lost? For the Gentleman who bowed out gracefully —and left us with the weapon in our hand?" In Chatwin's mind, the whole Locke vs. Hobbes, nomad vs. the state debate springs from these two views of human nature: man as killer or man as prey.

And how does this all relate to the Songlines? Man, says Chatwin, defying the Beast, "opening his mouth in defiance of the terrors that surrounded him, shouted the opening stanza of the World Song, 'I AM!'" The Songlines are but a continuation of that first song. Chatwin feels that nomads remain closer to that first, en-

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viable group of men, men who banded together not to save them from themselves but from the nasty things lurking just outside the circle of firelight.

Plausible, perhaps; interesting, certainly. And it is good to read a book founded on an enduring faith in human nature. But it would be nice to put down *The Songlines* feeling as though it had offered a vicarious walk among the Australian nomads. Instead Chatwin gives us Aborigines with all the depth of paper cutouts and a half-grown theory of human nature. *The Songlines* begins a journey into nomadism that loses itself in intriguing but aleatoric philosophizing. □

THINKING LIKE A COMMUNIST: STATE AND LEGITIMACY IN THE SOVIET UNION, CHINA, AND CUBA
Tony Smith/W. W. Norton/$16.95

MY DEAR ALEX: LETTERS FROM THE KGB
Dinesh D'Souza and Gregory Fossedal/Regnery Gateway/$14.95

Joseph Sobran

Thinking Like a Communist, by Tony Smith, is an intelligent attempt to sketch the permutations of Communist theory since Marx. Every Marxist regime faces the basic problem of justifying itself. Lenin faced it even before he took power, in that Russia didn't fit the developmental schedule and therefore had no proletarian base to carry the Party to power. That was the Menshevik objection to the Bolsheviki, as you'll recall. Lenin came up with the answer: the Party in Russia would serve as the Revolutionary Vanguard of the workers. It still does.

Mao faced an analogous problem with his peasant revolution in unindustrialized China, and Castro also had to paddle in without benefit of a detectible proletarian surge in Cuba. No matter. Communist rulers have always proved nimble in adjusting theory to opportunity, and they have the added advantage of being able to silence anyone who finds non sequiturs in their theories.

Professor Smith (of Tufts University) makes it pretty clear that Communism as a going concern has little to do with whatever Marx may have had in mind. However cogent the Mensheviki may have been, they didn't last long enough to make their criticism stick. Lenin, Mao, and Castro may have flirted with democratic ideas now and then, but they consistently resolved their difficulties in their own favor: neither free elections nor voluntary retirement has ever been a feature of the Communist regime.

And there's the problem of Stalin. Smith makes a point that's almost worth the price of the book: in Marxist theory, Stalin is impossible, because totalitarianism is impossible, because the state is always the creation and instrument of class interests and can never have the kind of autonomy implied by the concept of totalitarianism. Smith remarks: "How ironic that the best illustration that can be offered of the state's powerful and autonomous role in all of history comes from the experience of communist governments that have remade from top to bottom the socioeconomic structures over which they rule!"

Well, it's no accident, comrades. And though Stalin was posthumously denounced, Commie theoreticians haven't exactly worked overtime to devise institutional restraints against strongman rule, even if the Soviets have in practice distributed the power a little more broadly around the top level of the Party. Checks and balances is yet to be adopted by the Marxist community.

The main weakness of *Thinking Like a Communist* is that Professor Smith seems to think Communists think like professors. He has enough evident common sense to know better, but academic etiquette forbids him to acknowledge he's dealing with cynics. You'd think men like Gorbachev lie awake nights wondering whether the labor theory of value really holds water. My impression is that they don't. Their ideology, in all its variations, is just as self-serving as Marx accused bourgeois ideologies of being. It's a series of excuses for the rulers to do what they want to do. It never functions as an inhibiting conscience.

The reason there was a Stalin is the same reason there's a Castro: what the Commies want is total power. Castro's ideal social order is one ruled, with minimal friction and opposition, by Fidel Castro. And these gents aren't going to revise their ideology to foreclose the fulfillment of their own ambitions. Every Commie wants to be a Stalin, even if he doesn't abuse the privilege quite as badly as Stalin did.

Smith is interested in the ideology as a legitimating device for individual Communist states. It would be more to the point to consider it as a delegitimating device for the subversion of all non-Communist regimes, at home and abroad. In the Commie view, *only* a Communist state can ever be legitimate, but *its* legitimacy is beyond question. And even socialist fraternity has its limits: Smith mentions a Maoist broadside with the revealing title *On Khrushchev's Phony Communism and Its Historical Lessons for the World.*

In *My Dear Alex*, Dinesh D'Souza and Gregory Fossedal indulge the rude common sense that Professor Smith carefully reins in. The book is a satire, modeled on *The Screwtape Letters*, in the form of messages from an old KGB hand to a young disinformation specialist stationed in the U.S. (This is one of the few recent works of satire to bear an introduction by Richard M. Nixon.)

The key to the old hand's advice is that Soviet interests are best served not by overt boasts and threats but by using the idiom of American liberalism. Vladimir counsels young Alex to study the writings of Mary McGrory, Anthony Lewis, and Arthur Schlesinger; they provide all the arguments the Soviet Union really needs. Now and then even a conservative will be useful to the Soviets, but of course conservatives aren't reliable, whereas liberalism seems tailored to fill the bill.

Vladimir muses:

> I am completely enthralled by the liberal argument which maintains, in effect, that there is nothing in principle right or wrong with socialism, but somehow it's always the right thing to do at any given time. Consider poverty programs, for example. When the economy is in good shape, then "it is all the more shameful that some must live in squalor," and the country "must be generous with our less privileged brethren . . . there is no excuse for being stingy now." If, on the other hand, America is in a recession, then "these programs are needed today more than ever . . . this is no time to shred the safety net," etc. Add the two together and you see that for the American left, it is *always* the right time for redistribution.

At every turn of events—economic upturn or downturn, election time, Grenada, KAL 007, contra aid, SDI—Vladimir extracts from the lib lexicon the appropriate cliché to steer American opinion in the desired direction. It's funny to see a furriner using a native idiom to manipulate native herds, especially those Americans who like to think of themselves as pre-eminently autonomous and unpredictable.

But it's almost too easy. Vladimir is funny when he's in action, scrambling to make the best of a real situation, but when he merely reflects, without the stimulus of concrete occasion, the book lapses into mere accuracy. After all, the general reality doesn't leave much room for satire. The Soviets have long since classified American libs as "progressive forces," and their agents have camouflaged themselves as libs for generations. *Pravda* quotes Lewis and McGrory all the time, and Georgi Arbatov, who heads Soviet propaganda operations here, talks like the robot that writes *New York Times* editorials. (See *The Soviet Viewpoint*, a book of interviews with Arbatov published a couple of years back.)

As commentary, *My Dear Alex* is right on target. Every paragraph should make our indigenous pinkos turn crimson. As satire, though, it should have exploited its central conceit more consistently. When dealing with liberals, it is necessary to use farce. □

Joseph Sobran is a senior editor of National Review *and a nationally syndicated columnist.*

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DOMESTIC AFFAIRS: ENDURING THE PLEASURES OF MOTHERHOOD AND FAMILY LIFE

Joyce Maynard/Times Books/$17.95

Fred Barnes

Joyce Maynard is not popular with the journalism set. All the reviews I've read of her book were unfavorable, and that's not the half of it. Reporters, columnists, editors—practically everyone who noticed I was reading the book (I carried it around for several weeks) had unkind words for Maynard and her writing. This wasn't just the normal journalists' envy of someone who's more famous, either. This was real hostility that transcended ideology, politics, gender, and religion. An editor for a conservative magazine said he quit reading Maynard's book in disgust when he got to the part about her grandmother. That came on page 10. A liberal political writer told me he wouldn't let her book in his house. These two are male. Women tend to be even harsher critics of Maynard.

I concede there is a lot to dislike. Maynard has been writing about herself since her teens, starting with a spokeswoman-for-her-generation piece in the *New York Times Magazine* twenty years ago. She turned out her autobiography at 19 (she's in her mid-30s now). At times, she seems downright obsessed with herself and her feelings. She uses the word "I" with total abandon. And her attention to the meaningless details of family life—the brand names of toys, for example—is often cloying.

Worse, by the end of this chronicle of motherhood, she'd gotten political. What touched her off was a U.S. Department of Energy plan to put a nuclear waste dump near her house in rural New Hampshire. She joined a protest movement, and it changed her outlook. "I will never become one of those people prepared to fast to the death for world peace, and I'll never make my children sit out in the rain all day with antinuclear placards, because it seems to me there's nothing left to fight for if, in the name of the cause, you sacrifice everything you love about your kids," she writes in a postscript. "I still bake pies and I will grow zinnias, only now I think those small pleasures seem more precious to me." Whew! At least battling against nuclear testing and SDI didn't drive her from the kitchen and garden.

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic.

What I admire about Maynard is that she bravely cuts against the grain of our culture. Her politics may be trendy, but her life-style is not. At 23, Maynard quit her job as a reporter for the *New York Times*, got married, and moved to New Hampshire to raise a family. Okay, she's not a full-time mother. She still writes, mostly for women's magazines. She gets to run off to England to interview Elvis Costello for an article or spend a day with Christa McAuliffe, the schoolteacher who was later killed in the *Challenger* disaster. But her chief commitment is to being a mother and a wife. She has, Maynard writes, "a pretty unfashionable longing for family and home."

She doesn't use the word "unfashionable" lightly. Her best vignette—vignettes from Maynard's life with her husband and three kids is what this book consists of—reveals how untrendy she is. Maynard and her husband drive to New York for the wedding of friends. At the reception, a dressed-for-success woman of 30, who is a top account executive for an advertising firm, pulls Maynard aside and asks, "How do you do it? What's it like?" The woman, says Maynard, "might have been talking about conquering Everest or kicking heroin, but in fact what she meant was having children, being a mother. And she wasn't talking about the elaborate balancing act pulled off by so many successful New York professional women who manage to have children and a high-powered career too. She was talking about my having made the choice of motherhood at the expense of career."

Hard to explain, she found, since the usual answers ("to enrich one's own existence through parenthood," etc.) aren't adequate. Moreover, life in the fast lane is tempting. The next day, she takes her daughter by her old apartment in Manhattan. "You could stand on the balcony and see the Empire State Building, in red, white, and blue that year, for the bicentennial," she writes, as if yearning for her unmarried days. Nevertheless, she adds, "I was relieved to discover how nearly painless it felt to get into our old car and head for home."

Maynard makes a startling confession that will get her no brownie points with Gloria Steinem. "The truth is, I like and feel at home in kitchens, I enjoy stitching doll clothes and sewing colored plastic animal buttons on children's cardigans—and certainly I love to cook. . . . The danger comes when a person invests too much of her identity in her pie crust (or her sewing, or, I suppose, her backhand) so that without these performances, at the stove or on the tennis court, she ceases to exist."

Maynard explains three large themes in *Domestic Affairs*. The first is that having children alters your life dramatically and in ways you don't expect or even desire. Your independence vanishes overnight, and so does much of your free time and discretionary income. This is hardly news, but it's a notion that gives lots of people the willies. They want kids, but only as an accoutrement. They want everything else to stay the same—no inconveniences. But "having a child changes everything," Maynard writes. And she defends the change.

Her second theme is that rearing children isn't easy, but that sacrificing for them makes your life better. "A perilous journey" is how she describes bringing up her kids. Maynard tells the sad story of another woman whose teenage son turns bad. "It's hard to find yourself living under the same roof with a person you'd have nothing to do with (I've heard her say) if you hadn't happened to give birth to him." But that case is the exception. "How much children put one through, and how much their presence in one's life enlarges one's capacity to withstand it," Maynard says. ". . . Sometimes I focus on all the ways they've made my life harder, all the things they keep me from doing. When the truth is, of course, they also make possible everything that's best."

The third theme is that holding a marriage together, one marriage for life, is enormously worthwhile but very difficult. No wonder serial monogamy is so popular. Maynard, by the way, specifically rejects the Biblical idea that the husband is the head of the family. She prefers "the rocky road, with no one book offering all the answers." For many couples, the rocky road means divorce. "What I feel when I hear the story of those marriages, is never the lofty superiority of one who has it all sewn up herself," she writes. "Only the recognition, felt, I think, by anybody who's been married a while, of how hard it is for two people to build a life together and how much more than love is required to make it endure." Feminist assertiveness training isn't what she has in mind. □

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remember, conservative gatherings of any kind featured someone remarking on the need for our point of view to be represented in the mainstream press and in the highest political circles. When the *Washington Star* folded, at least a dozen newspaper chains and a good many wealthy conservatives examined the market and rightly concluded that a frontal attack on the *Washington Post* would be damned expensive. In founding the *Washington Times*, Reverend Moon was the only one with the guts to put his anti-Communism ahead of his pocketbook. It bothers the author that religion and politics are being mixed, but religious motivation has thus far been the only force powerful enough to convince someone to weather the awesome financial sacrifice of playing David to the *Washington Post*'s Goliath.

Mr. Ferguson kept returning to the same conclusion that Reverend Moon is granted validity by conservatives because he is in fact a rightful and accepted player on the Washington political scene. Whether he arrives at his anti-Communism through political or religious belief should not be a problem.

I am always honored whenever someone mentions my religious affiliation in a news story, especially when they are trying to work up a lather. For some reason, religions unfailingly seem to prosper in direct proportion to the hostility coming against them. This being the case, Mr. Ferguson should not have passed up the opportunity to let us in on his own religious leanings. Whatever his faith, with Mr. Ferguson as an adherent, I'm sure it could use a break.

—Larry R. Moffitt
Executive Director
World Media Association
Washington, D.C.

If there are any former Moonies who don't look back with horror at their past, Andrew Ferguson is unlikely to meet them at the Cult Awareness Network.

I've been in the Unification Church for seventeen years—been reading your journal for about one-third of that time—and will be among the first to agree that Moonies are not run-of-the-mill conservatives. If they were, woe to the Western world. What has philosophical approval of a free market and democracy done to stop Soviet expansion?

Some Moonies, unlike Mr. Ferguson's cohorts, have been willing to put up with peer disapproval, even "persecution" in the holy Judeo-Christian tradition, by maintaining their commitment to the Unification Church as well as "Western values about the dignity of the person and the value of freedom." Some Franciscans probably did, too. So what?

Why didn't you cover the CARP demonstration at the Berlin Wall August 8? Everybody's who's anybody in the Eastern bloc has probably been talking about it ever since. We walked through the divided city with East German agents snapping our photos, then prayed right next to the wall (within the two meters claimed by the East) for the abomination to end. It will take a miracle.

The fact is that power does not come from the barrel of a gun, nor does it come from money; it is principled action that yields these forms of force. Reverend Moon is ready to proclaim the presence and love of God at any cost. Join the IRS-Dan Rather chorus if you will: after all, you only have history to face for it.

AF has written some far wittier and more informative articles—he's always been one of my favorites and I do hope this is a temporary lapse and not permanent regression. As a placard in Berlin said, "We love our enemies, but we hate their walls."

—Lisa Outrequin
Villebon-sur-Yvette, France

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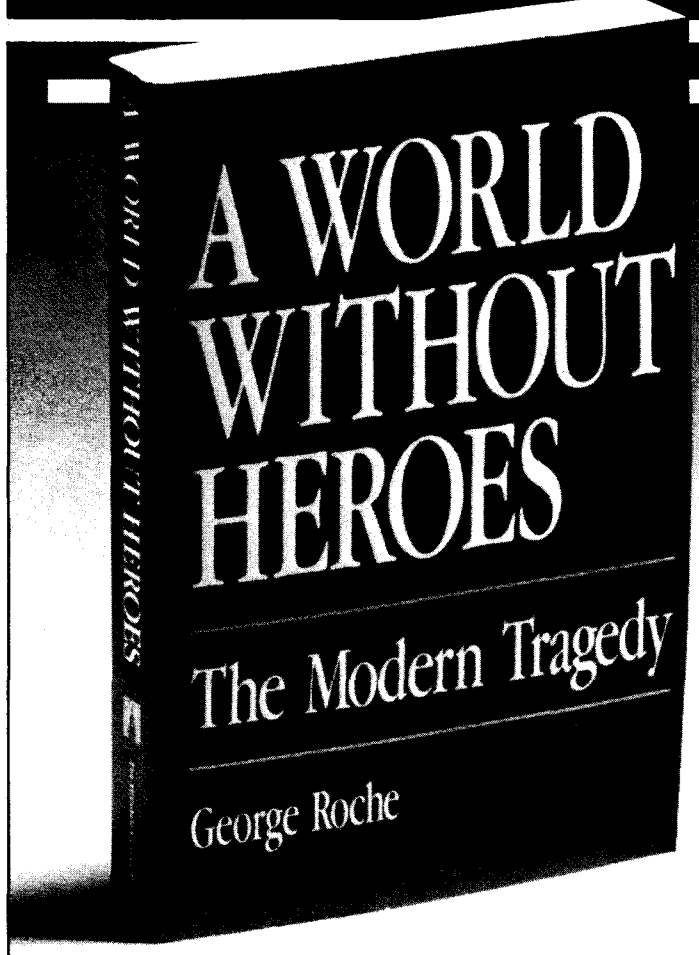

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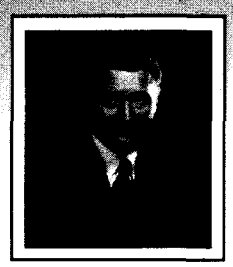
The Modern Tragedy

By George Roche

Foreword By Russell Kirk



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Andrew Ferguson replies:
I thank Richard Brookhiser and Jonathan Emord for their comments about the Unification Church and its role in the conservative movement.

As for the other letters reprinted above, and the many others like them I received, I'm not sure that there is in them anything to which I can usefully reply—except to thank John Lofton for reminding us (again!) of his unparalleled devotion to Our Savior, and to ease Larry Moffitt's curiosity, if he insists, by announcing that I'm an Episcopalian (high-church). Beyond that, I can only point out that no one has written to challenge the matters of fact that made up the bulk of the article.

A more serious and sustained criticism of the article was offered by Tom Bethell in his column last month. Bethell's critique was rather gentle—far gentler, I suspect, than what his friends in the church were hoping for—and by my lights wholly ineffectual, since he painstakingly challenged points I hadn't made, meanwhile leaving unaddressed the article's main thesis. Bethell is under the impression, apparently, that I consider the Rev. Moon a greater, more immediate threat to the USA than the suave Gorbachev. He might have gotten this impression from sloppy writing on my part (it happens), for in conclusion I had written that "under other circumstances the church would be anathema, roundly condemned as subversive of the very values conservatives have united to defend." Bethell took these "other circumstances" to be a "gulag-free world." I didn't mean to jump the gun. The specific "other circumstance" I had in mind was a money-free Unification Church, the point being that it is only money, and not some philosophical consanguinity, that makes this decidedly unconservative organization attractive to conservatives—even to the degree where it can call on reputable journalists to defend it in public. Most conservatives, I believe, would see a penurious Unification Church (admittedly, about as likely a prospect as a gulag-free world) with far more clarity.

Bethell suggests that my portrait of the church as "anti-family" and "socialistic" is overdone. He offers no evidence to rebut the considerable amount I offered, but only mentions that Christian monasteries too are anti-family and socialistic. This curious equivalence aside, I'll reiterate that my characterization of the church was based on its theological premises—insofar as these can be known—rather than on the internal make-up of the church or the church-mandated habits of its adherents. The theological premises of Christianity, so far as I know, are not anti-family, and make a great deal of room for democratic capitalism; those of the Unification Church do not, as Bethell can discover if he desires.

Finally, Bethell, to his credit, understood something that many other letter-writers missed: I was not addressing myself to the issue of church influence at the *Washington Times*. (Bethell tells his readers that the whole matter is moot, having researched it by talking to a friend of his and Arnaud de Borchgrave's, who told him it was moot—an interesting journalistic technique.) The *Spectator* received a number of angry letters, and some cancelled subscriptions, from people condemning what they took to be a vicious attack on the *Washington Times*. My article was plainly nothing of the sort. But that widespread reaction does show that the lines are getting fuzzy when it comes to separating the church from the *Times* and, more seriously, from the conservative movement as a whole. That was the subject of my article.

Up to Date
May a Goddam Limey comment on William McGurn's excellent article ("Holy Macau," *TAS*, August 1987)? He says that "Macau's own sorry fate might have been very different had Margaret Thatcher's back been a little stiffer." It is odd that a citizen of the Superpower recently defeated by a mere Indo-China (as it used to be called) should imply that Maggie should lead this now comparatively puny Kingdom against the full might of the Communist Celestial Empire. She knows that politics is, alas, the art of the possible.

To change the subject, though not the source: *TAS* English is usually so exemplary that I am horrified by the same Mr. McGurn's use of the neologism "modern-day." I defy him to cite a single instance where it would be in any way superior to "modern." I suspect an illiterate echo of "nowadays."

—S. C. Crowther-Smith
Oxford, England

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Your August cover (on Jimmy Carter and Rosalynn) was the most vicious I have ever seen on any magazine.

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—Thomas Sowell
Hoover Institution
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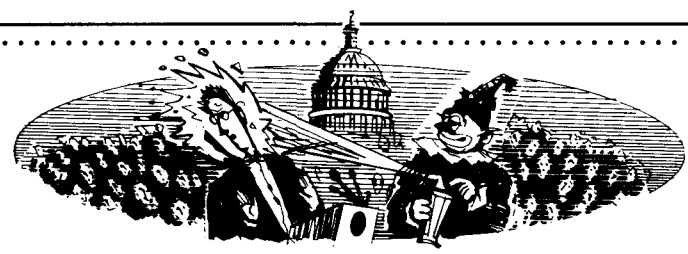

I'm writing under the assumption that you haven't heard the song "Judge Bork, Judge Bork" and that, regardless of the judge's fate (which as we go to press hangs in the balance), you never will. I have a cassette of the song but from what I can tell it hasn't gotten much airplay, which isn't difficult to understand. It starts off with a couple of innocent piano chords—sprightly, despite the heavy echo—but then a leaden drum machine kicks in below: *boom*-pocka, *boom*-pocka is how I think they transliterate it in *Rolling Stone* record reviews. Things disintegrate after that, for the singer opens her mouth (you can hear the wind rushing in), and there emerges this voice—a big voice, like the ones you hear at high school talent shows, roaring out of overlarge girls in evening dresses who have been planning for their big moment by sitting alone in their bedrooms listening to Liza Minnelli records. As the voice came through my headphones I could almost see the singer's chins quiver, see her arms outstretched, the fingers splayed, the liquid eyes reflecting the footlights—everything the traffic will allow.

A new kind of sport
Stacking the Supreme Court
If Ronnie gets his way we'll get
Judge Bork, Judge Bork.

A conservative prop
The cream of the crop
If Biden don't flip-flop we'll stop
Judge Bork, Judge Bork.

He sticks to only what
The Founding Fathers wrote
Protect white, hetero men
Return to when
Women and Blacks can't vote.

Does it help if I mention that it's sung to the tune of "New York, New York"? I didn't think so.

• • •

The woman who, spying my press badge, handed me my gratis copy of the "JBJB" cassette was wearing a leopard-skin body-stocking cinched up by a wide, shiny black belt—by far the most festively dressed anti-Borker I've seen. She was attending a National Organization of Women rally in a Capitol Hill park on the day Judge Bork's confirmation hearings opened, and I took her to be a member of the "Oh So Politically Correct Players." According to the press release she also handed me, the Players are responsible for Judge Bork the song, having written and recorded it as part of their work as "a Washington-based social change satire group." For Judge Bork the nominee, everybody has gotten into the act, satirists included. Strictly speaking, of course, JB the song is not satire—there is in it no sarcasm, no exaggeration, no irony. It is a policy statement in verse. One could imagine Senator Kennedy singing it in the shower, if he were in one of his Liza moods. At the NOW rally, held as the Judiciary Committee recessed for lunch, there was some initial confusion because the Capitol park police wouldn't allow the gals to use their behemoth sound system, so they had to settle for a smaller one. "You see?" shouted one of the speakers from the platform. "We already have to worry about our free speech rights!" I thought perhaps this was a small attempt at comic overstatement, a little gag to lighten the gloom, but as the hisses rose from the crowd and the speaker nodded grimly, I saw it was no joke. You have to hand it to the Players. Selling satire to a crowd of feminists, they've done about as well as they can.

• • •

I say a crowd of feminists, but that's not entirely correct. Several of the speakers took pains to note that the anti-Bork cause—NOW has declared a "national state of emergency"—"cuts across ideological lines." "Judge Bork's nomination has brought together a broad-based coalition," announced Eleanor Smeal, the former president of NOW. "We have feminists here, consumer activists, gay rights people, environmentalists"—*everybody.* Following the rally, fifty from among this diverse crew adjourned to a room in a Senate office building, where they were briefed for intensive lobbying. "The basic idea," said Mrs. Smeal, as the budding lobbyists took their seats, "is to let your Senator know that he or she had better come down on the Bork thing the right way." They were asked how many had made appointments to see their Senators. No one raised his or her hand. "That's all right," said Molly Yard, NOW's new president. "You'll be able to talk to somebody. Just remember, you don't have to be the greatest expert on earth to lobby. Don't try to be a constitutional lawyer. Just talk about your feelings. Tell them what this man represents. Just think: how have I been hurt by this appointment?" In the back of the room a tousle-haired young woman in a torn jean jacket and gym shorts raised her hand. "I don't know," she said, by way of introduction, "should I change into like more respectable clothes?" This is the New Pragmatism, an emanation from the penumbra of neoliberalism. "That's up to you," said Mrs. Yard, sweetly. "Remember: they *have* to listen to you, no matter what."

• • •

The lobbyists were issued lobbying booklets, complete with maps of Capitol Hill and pre-printed anti-Bork letters, and sent out into the halls of Congress. A young couple, students down from Columbia, agreed to let me tag along with them as they went calling on Senators Moynihan and D'Amato. Becky, a stunning nineteen-year-old brunette and obviously the engine of this duo's social activism, wore a T-shirt that said, "Another Woman for Peace." She had taken off her sneakers and, with the laces tied together, had slung them over her shoulder. "It's the only way I feel really comfortable," she told me as she strode barefoot down the marble hallway. Her friend, Miles, was tall and stoop-shouldered and seldom spoke, the sort of kid that in the antiquated literature of juvenile delinquence was called a "sullen youth." When I asked them about Judge Bork, Becky took all of ten seconds before the words "right-wing ideologue" popped out. "I have to live in this country for the next thirty or forty years," she said. "By that time, just for starters, he'll have made it illegal for me to use birth control. The police will be in the bedroom to make sure nobody's using a rubber." I noticed that Miles listened intently to this, with furrowed brow. Becky assumed a pedantic air. "That's in *Griswold.* The only kind of sex that'll be legal will be straight sex in the missionary position." "You make him sound like a terrible guy," I said. "I don't know that he's a terrible guy," Becky said. "I've never met the man. But I do know that he's a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant upper middle-class male, and he just can't see beyond it. I know all about this, believe me. I'm from Scarsdale."

• • •

To their surprise and disappointment, Senator Moynihan was unable to meet with Becky and Miles, so they headed to Senator D'Amato's office in the Hart building. In the grand nine-story lobby, Miles stopped to survey Alexander Calder's grotesque stabile/mobile, "Clouds." "Great way to spend the taxpayers' money," he said, dismissively. Becky shot him a reproving look. "Would you rather have them spend it on this," she said, "or bombs?" D'Amato's office, unlike Moynihan's, was crowded shank-to-flank with NOW lobbyists. Two large women of color held hands on the couch, beneath a photo of Al smiling with Mayor Koch; off to one side another woman sat on the floor, nursing a baby. Two harried secretaries answered the constantly ringing telephones. At length an aide emerged from the inner offices and announced that Senator D'Amato was undecided on "the issue," but she wanted to make sure that everyone had filled out a constituent opinion form before they left. Becky took hers and lay on the floor, filling both sides of the sheet in a bold, intense hand. Miles scribbled something quickly, and gave his to the secretary. I asked him what he'd written. "Well, D'Amato's kind of a fascist, so I just wrote, 'Check it out, dude, really.' He'll get the message." He grinned and offered me a soulmate handshake. "We're gonna win this one," he said with unaccustomed cheerfulness, and for a brief, icy moment, I thought he was probably right.

—*AF*

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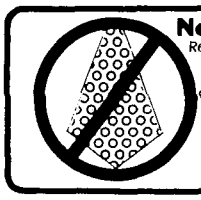

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•*Collier, James Lincoln.* **When the Stars Begin to Fall**. Delacorte; dist. by Doubleday. Angry that he's treated as "thieving trash," Harry decides to prove himself by exposing a local carpet factory's illegal polluting. . . .

•*Dann, Patty.* **Mermaids**. Ticknor & Fields. In this quietly bizarre story, 14-year-old Charlotte wants to become a saint—if only she could stop lusting after the gardener at the nearby convent. . . .

•*Fante, John.* **1933 Was a Bad Year**. Black Sparrow. High school senior Dominic Molise dreams of making it in the major leagues as a pitcher and of making out with his best friend's sister, in this witty and poignant story set in the Depression. . . .

•*Kerr, M. E.* **Night Kites**. Harper. Seventeen-year-old Jim's relationships with his family and friends change when his older brother reveals he has AIDS.

•*Koertge, Ron.* **Where the Kissing Never Stops**. Atlantic Monthly Press; dist. by Little, Brown. In a warmly humorous first-person narrative, 17-year-old Walker deals with his father's death, his mother's new job as a stripper, and his attraction to Rachel.

["Best Books for Young Adults, 1986-87"]

Publishers Weekly

The Jane Austen of Reagan's America looks on the happy side:

In a converted open-air market with tin roofs protecting books from torrential rains and searing tropical sun, representatives of 500 publishing houses from 44 countries came together with thousands of Nicaraguans July 20-26 at the first international book fair in Managua, Nicaragua's capital city.

Despite the primitive conditions, it was clear that a historic event was taking place. "Not since I was a child growing up in the South have I seen such a love of books and learning," said Pulitzer Prize–winning author Alice Walker. "This is a writer's paradise."

[September 4, 1987]

Wall Street Journal

Proof that there is merit in the drive by many municipalities to reinstitutionalize the mentally incompetent:

Your June 23 front page article describing the somewhat eccentric beliefs of certain new age millennialists was a good fun read, but unfortunately a few serious points were glossed over. Most important was the fact that a vast amount of new age work also is being done by reputable, forward-looking scholars, activists and professionals, all of whom genuinely are concerned about the future of our society.

Most of the new age thinking we publish in the New Age Journal is rooted in time-honored philosophies, and addresses concepts as down-to-earth as self-reliance, personal and social improvement, respect for the environment, sexual and racial equality, fulfillment, peace, health and independence of thought. Many of these ideas germinated in the intellectual foment of the '60s and gradually entered mainstream society in forms that are readily accepted now: the hospice movement, holistic health, renewable energy and conservation, natural foods, the women's movement, environmentalism, spirituality and ethical investing, to name just a few.

Perhaps the most eloquent spokesman for many new age ideas was that quintessential American, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who 100 years ago, in essays such as "Nature," "Self-reliance" and "Man the Reformer," detailed a transcendental world view as bold in his time as some new age thinking is today. Emerson realized then what more and more socially conscious people are realizing now: "The things we now esteem fixed shall, one by one, detach themselves like ripe fruit from our experience, and fall. The wind shall blow them none knows whither."

Florence Graves
Jonathan Adolph
Editors, New Age Journal
Brighton, Mass.

[July 28, 1987]

Daily Camera (Boulder, Colorado)

Grand dawns and wild nights on the famed Volga Peace Cruise as reported by Darya of Canyon Boulevard:

Editor:

Commemoration of Hiroshima-Nagasaki Days in the Soviet Union is week-long, with vigils and visits to war memorials. As evidence of the fact that Soviets and Americans have a longing for peace, members of our Volga Peace Cruise of 142 Americans, 4 Canadians and 27 Soviets commemorated Hiroshima Day on August 6 in Moscow with tourists from Japan and New Zealand and citizens of the Soviet Union.

Speeches were made, posters displayed and a bell tolled. Ten-year old Tipi Means of the Ogalalla Sioux tribe presented a medallion and handcrafted peace quilt from her nation to members of the Soviet Peace Committee.

The event concluded with all joining hands and the singing of Russian and American songs, ending with "We Shall Overcome." It was truly an emotional event.

—Darya M. Noonan
5555 Canyon Boulevard

[August 19, 1987]

Gourmet

More Reaganite propaganda, and in a journal where it hurts:

. . . on our recent visit to Moscow and Leningrad our only disappointments were with the food; disappointments made more intense simply because the rich traditions of food in Russia had created high expectations. To be sure, breads, thick and heavy, brown and black, were exquisite, and the sweet butter served with them was excellent. Teas were strong and good. But, aside from several isolated meals, the food we found, and that a traveler with Intourist is apt to find in Russia's two most traveled-to cities, was a let down.

[August 1987]

Newsweek

Depressing revelations about Bill Cosby, America's Olivier, who has just penned a book about turning 50 and apparently about onanism, too:

The strength of this book is its author's willingness—highly uncharacteristic of Cosby—to bare so much of his private self. He reveals his chagrin over literally failing to keep up with his teenage son, who bests him in a track race without shifting out of second gear. The TV business, we're told, is "the worst one for a fossil like me because it is run by people who look as though they are planning the senior prom." The book's boldest chapter deals with Cosby's shattering discovery of his first gray pubic hair.

[September 14, 1987]

Vegetarian Times

In a *VT* interview, rock star Chrissie Hynde of "The Pretenders" demonstrates that the thought and scholarship of James Reston, recently retired resident sage of the *New York Times*, were not in vain:

VT: *What are your views on leather?*

CH: I think people use entirely too many leather goods. Well, as you can see, I've got leather boots I use for stage. (She points to the row of leather boots perched on the top of a cabinet behind her.) In my experience, leather is the best material to make shoes out of. However, I wish that the hides were coming from animals that died of natural causes. Unfortunately, we know that these animals were slaughtered and there's not a whole lot I can do about it. I don't know where you can get leather goods from animals that died a natural death.

That reminds me of a suggestion I have for meat eaters: When you see raccoons and squirrels and dogs and cats that have been hit by cars and are over on the side of the road, why don't they just clean those up and eat those? Why kill new animals when those other ones have already been killed?

When I say that, I'm not really serious, but, indeed, if you have to eat animals, why not eat the ones that are already dead? Why keep killing them? Why?! That's what I ask every meat eater. Why are you doing that? It's unhealthy. It's immoral. It's impractical.

[August 1987]

New Republic

A Soviet submarine, probably of the *Typhoon* class, glides just off our coast and Mr. Hendrik Hertzberg delivers this alarming vision of the thing:

I was standing in the very front of the bowsprit, a tongue of metal that juts out from the boat. From there I could peer straight down into the water so clear and calm that I could see 20 or 30 feet below the surface. I was then treated to the most majestic sight of all: with great deliberation, a whale swam slowly across the bow of the ship, directly below my eyes. In the transparent water I could see his whole body. Under his gray-black back, his belly shimmered a dappled, whitish gray-green. He was as big as a 16-wheel tractor-trailer and as graceful as Fred Astaire. Then, breaking the surface a few yards from the bow, he let loose with a great blow, drenching us all in whale-mist. This was beyond the experience even of Melville's Ishmael, who reports, at second hand, that the whale's exhalation is foul and acrid. But my whale's breath was mild and odorless. As the ship turned to make for port, I felt damp but happy, and much moved.

[September 7, 1987]

Robert Rauschenberg (Artist)

The voice of pop art sets his tweeters and woofers to rumbling at the Bork hearings, under solemn and sober oath:

Democracy is not the product of law. Democracy is the need of the people to be free in dreams and reality. Controversy is part of creation and changes are essential to current survival nationally and therefore internationally. The doors of control should be broadminded and wise with experience, compassion and understanding. This, without doubt, must be the history of the future.

The Supreme Court is a final discriminating force to guide us into the future of global concerns. This responsibility requires a talent as creative and tolerant as the world is unpredictable. Flexibility, resilience, and sensitivity are tatamount [sic]. A fixed point of view will only lead to disaster. I'm speaking writing [sic] to express the unanimous fears that the art world has toward the nomination of Bork. Young, old, rich and hopeful are united by repulsion that a neauveau [sic] changeling by his tongue and his unproven change of ideology might entrap decades of innocences. . . . Law is not a fixed point of view. Even supremely. But a just love of people. There must be persons with less controversial and destructive qualifications to assume this highest office. Art is the nourishment of society and the energy leading to the continuation and the universality of life.

In my defensive research of Bork I have discovered a compulsive insistence on the letter of the law and abuse to the exceptional and the minorities. If this country is to remain the enviable land of growth and promise, that's what has to be gardened. Jurisdictional responsibilities begins [sic] before law.

[September 22, 1987]

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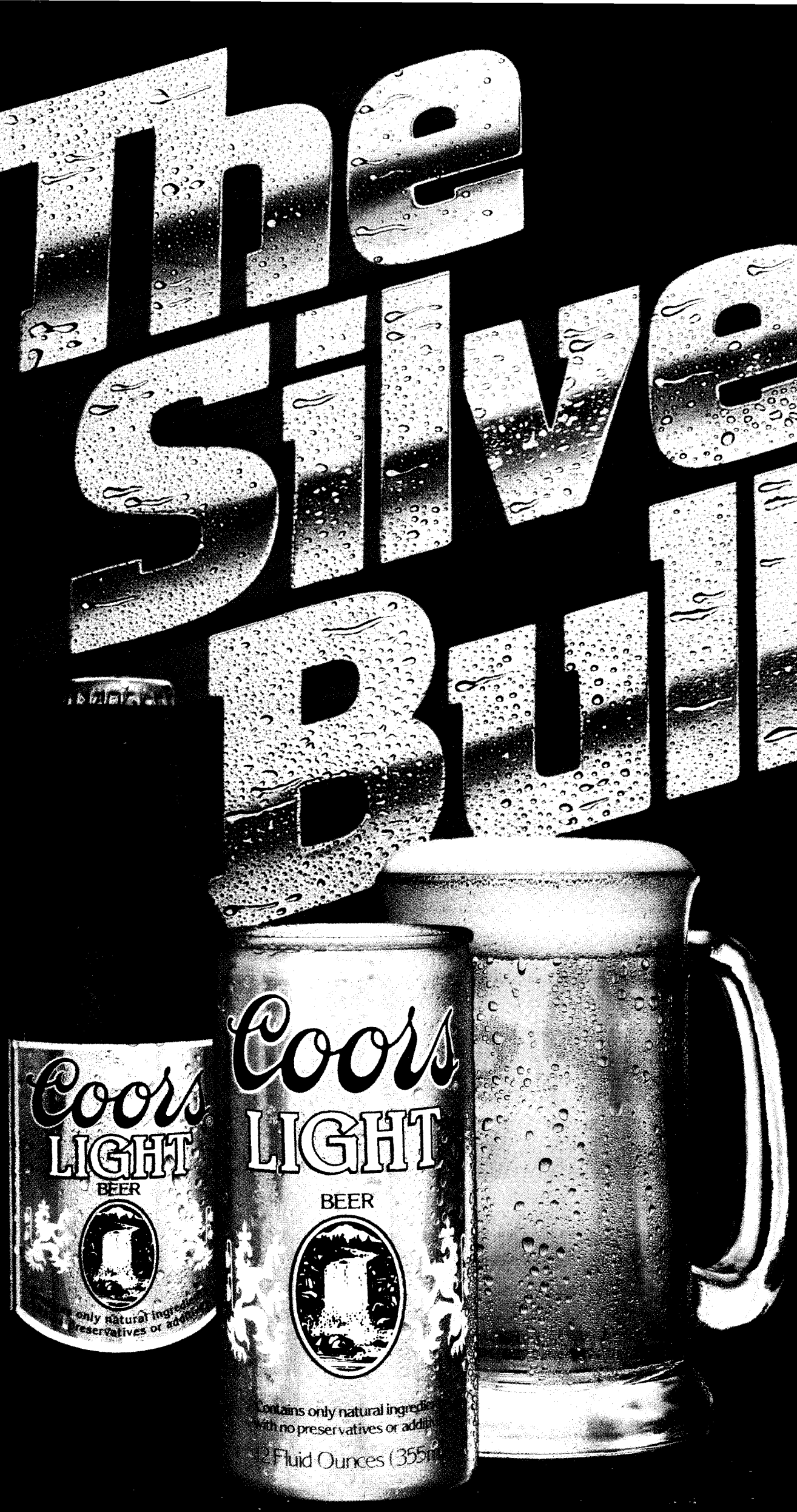

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